

CENIAD



1925





The Book



10096

1925

SIXTH EDITION

of

“CENIAD”



East Lansing
High School

Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS

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Foreword

This book, the labor of the class of 1925
is presented for your approval.

If some part of it seems critical of you or
yours, remember that it is all in the spirit of
fun and that we have worked hard and long
to complete a book worthy of representing
East Lansing High School.



Ceniad Staff

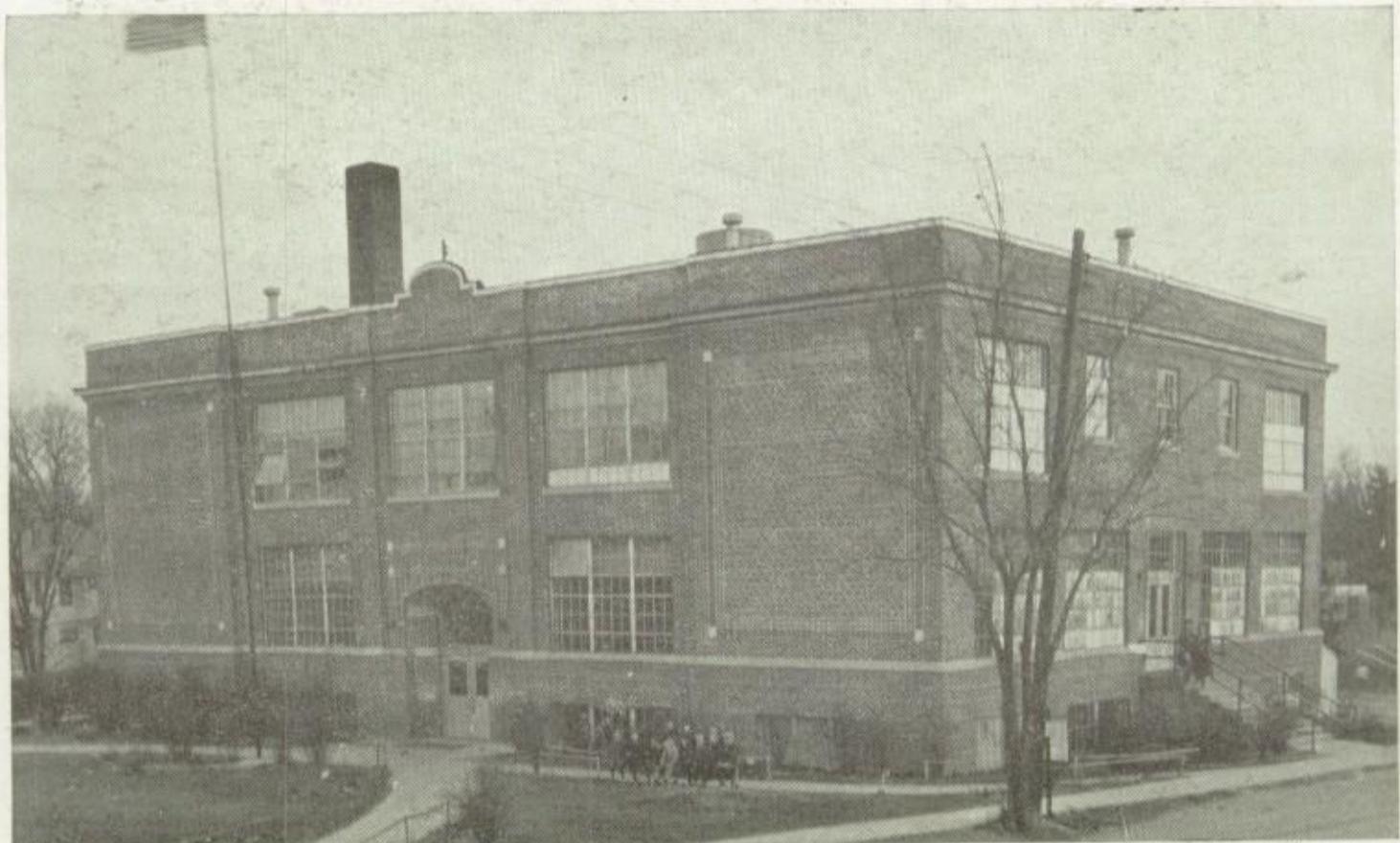
Editor-in-chief	Wheeler Grey
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Social Editor	Jeanne U'Ren
Art Editor	Alice Laycock
Assistant Art Editor	Erma Moore
Athletic Editor	Reinhold Penner
Snaps Editor	Warren Pierce
Joke Editor	Bernice Howard

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Dedication

To our mothers and fathers who have made it possible for us to complete our high school education by their untiring efforts, devotion, and many sacrifices to prepare us for a better station in life, the class of '25 respectfully dedicate this Annual,

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East Lansing Pledge

I will never bring disgrace on this, my high school, by act of dishonesty or cowardice. I will always play the game "square."

In athletics, in school work, or in the game of life, I'll give my very best in order to win if I may win honestly; but if I cannot win I promise that I shall be a good loser.

In my school work, I promise that I shall make an honest effort each day to "Be there; be prepared; be square."

I shall always boost for East Lansing High.



R. E. LANE

Superintendent of Schools



R. D. WYATT
History

R. E. LANE
Superintendent

MISS N. KOLE
English and History

L. J. NASON
Mathematics

MRS. A. J. WALKER
English



MISS M. L. MURRAY
English

F. VAN ZANDT
Principal

MISS L. M. WITTER
Mathematics

MRS. J. L. FISHER
Latin

MISS M. HAYES
French

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Our Faculty

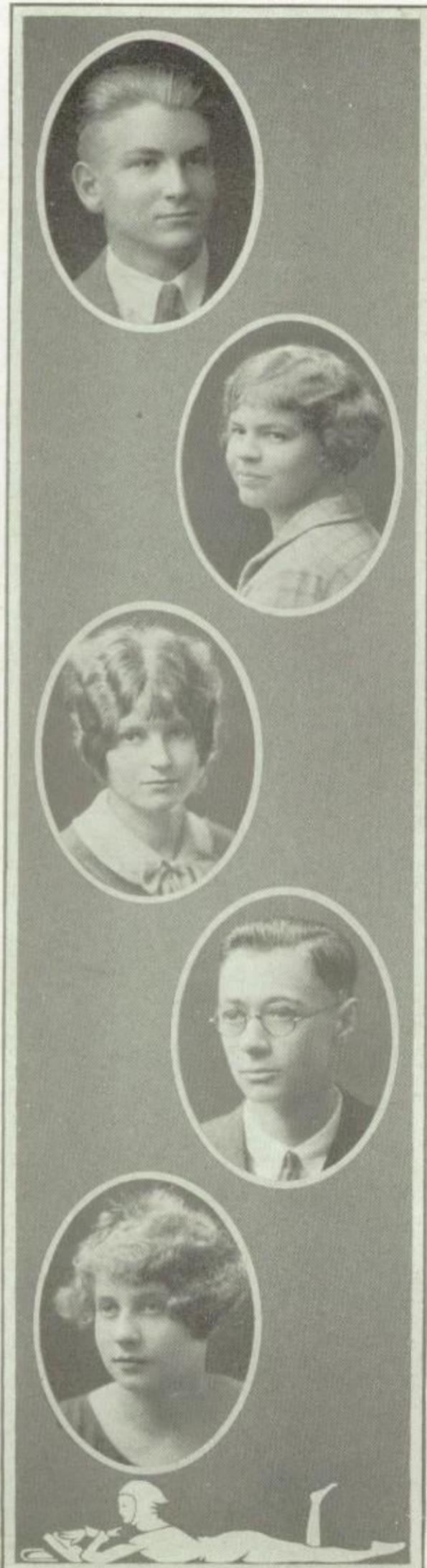
The faculty of a school has a greater influence upon the student body than does any other group of people whom the students ever came in contact with. They have to teach, besides their chosen subjects, good citizenship, high morals and, above all, they must put firmly into their students' minds, high ideals. They must have vision, be broadminded, and understanding. They must be tolerant and be able to see good where little good appears. They must help and encourage their students along the lines of best thought and work. It is no easy task, and therefore when one finds such a faculty, they deserve commendation.

East Lansing High School is particularly fortunate in its teachers. They are well equipped for their work, of course, but they have the vision, the spirit, and the high ideals which make them inspirations to everyone who has the good fortune to meet them. They always work for and encourage the best in our school life. We, as seniors, owe much to our teachers in past and present years. They have been the most powerful force in our lives for twelve years and the best that we do, and are, is only the fruit of their work and thought. They worked long hours for us and often without thanks. It is not an easy job to instill the principles of good citizenship into the minds of young people. It is far from simple to be an example of good citizenship and that is what a teacher must be. To have high ideals and live up to them and pass them on to others is a tremendous undertaking but a teacher must do that. And we have such teachers, we thank our faculty for everything that they have done for us and we sincerely hope that we can be as much use and as big an inspiration to others as they have been to us.



E.A.M.

SENIORS



ROBERT PLANT "Bob"

He is more than words can tell.
Declamation '22
Student Council '22, '23
Football '24, '25
Track '23, '24
President '25

MARY BIEBESHEIMER

To know her was to love her,
To name her was to praise.
Vice-Pres. '22, '25
Declamation '22
Debating '25
Ceniad Staff

MATTIE ROUSE "Rattie Mouse"

All is well that ends in a good time.
Atlanta High '22, '23
Sec. '25

GAYLON FORD

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
Pres. '22
Student Council '24
Orchestra '24, '25
Treas. '25
Ceniad Staff

STERRA TOWNER

Man wants but little here below.
Haslett High '22, '23
Sec. '24
Basketball '24, '25



WHEELER GREY "Wheel"

"Tis often said that great men are dead.
Do you know I feel ill myself?"
Lansing High '22
Editor of Ceniad
Baseball '23, '24
"Love Pirates of Hawaii"
Yell Master '23, '25

RUTH U'REN

Let the world slide, I like to ride fast.
Manistique High '22, '23

GENEVIEVE SANFORD

There lies more peril in her eyes than
twenty swords.
Athletic Board '25
Union Council '25
Orchestra '23, '24, '25
Glee Club '25

JEAN U'REN

Never backward about coming forward.
Manistique High '22, '23
Ceniad Staff

NOLAN WALKER

"If you want to know who's boss around
here just start something."
St. John's High '22
Football '24, '25
Business Mgr. Ceniad
Athletic Board '25
Patricia '23



FOSTER MOHRHARDT

"Greater men than myself have lived,
but I doubt it."
Football '22, '23, '25
Track '23, (Capt.) '24

FLORENCE SCHMITT "Flops"

The sun shone on her golden hair,
Her cheek was glowing fresh and fair.
Sec. and Treas. '22, '23
Basketball '23, '24
Union Council '25

VIRGINIA TENNANT "Ginny"

"Oh Captain! My Captain!"
Basketball '24, '25

RUTH SACKETT

She abhors men
But Oh the boys!

KENNETH SCHEPERS "Ken"

Nowhere so busy a man as he there was
And yet he seemed busier than he was.
Football '25



ALBERT SACHS "AI"

'Tis better to be out of the world than
out of fashion.
Atlanta High School '22, '23
Football '25
Baseball '24

BERTHA AGNES BESSEY

The crowning glory of a woman is in her
hair.
Glee Club '23, '24, '25
"Gypsy Rover"
"Love Pirates of Hawaii"

ALICE LAYCOCK "AI"

"I'd rather hear my dog bark at a crow
than a man swear he loves me."
Basketball '24, '25
Athletic Board '25
Ceniad Staff

IONE LAUTNER

She can giggle she can write
She's good natured, she's just right.
Traverse City High School '22, '23
Debating '24
Girls Glee Club '24, '25
"Gypsy Rover" '24
"Love Pirates of Hawaii" '25

MERRILL MARSHALL

"Silence is wisdom
I am silent then."
Track '24
Debating '25



RIENHOLD PENNER "Riney"
"Nobody will ever find me out."
Football '22, '23, '24, '25
Ceniad Staff

MIRA KIRKER "Mickey"
"Oh heavens! Were man but constant
he were perfect."
Chorus '25

MABLE FORCE "Maybelle"
Trust not in him who seems a saint.

NORMA GALLUP "Nim"
Everything by starts and nothing by long.
Glee Club '22, '23, '24, '25

IRMA WHITTEMORE
It is in ourselves that we are thus or so.
Glee Club '22, '23, '24



ROBERT COOK "Cooky"

And when a lady's in the case you know
all other things give place.

Baseball '23

Basketball '22, '23, '25

Football '25

ELIZABETH POTTER "Riz"

"In arguing, too, the person owned her
skill
For e'en though vanquished she could argue
still."

MYRTA SUSAN COONS "Susie"

If she has anything to say she says it
regardless.

MARGUERITE POTTER "Rita"

"I'm willing to be convinced but I'd like
to see the one that could do it."

Basketball '23

Treasurer '24

CHESTER GREY "Chet"

"Tis remarkable that those who talk the
most have the least to say.

Lansing '22

Track '23

Basketball '24

Vice-Pres. '24



WARREN PIERCE

"Impatience of study is a disease of the present generation."
Baseball '22, '23
Basketball '22, '23, '25
Football '22, '23, '24, '25
Athletic Board '24
Ceniad Staff

VIRGINIA FISKE "Ginger"

"You can do nothing effectively without enthusiasm."
Basketball '23, '24, '25
Student Council '24
Athletic Board '25

BERNICE HOWARD "Bernie"

That tongue of hers will get her into trouble.
Ceniad Staff

ERMA MOORE

It is the tranquil people who accomplish much.
Student Council '22
Ceniad Staff

EDWIN REULING "Eddie"

Genius and work make success.
Orchestra '22, '23, '24, '25



JENETTA SCHRAM

Her looks composed and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy.
Marshall High '22, '23, '24

MARIE NELSON

They that do much make little noise.
Lansing High '22
Holt High '23

ROSALINE DOMBOORAJIAN

"I'll fiddle my way through life."
Orchestra '22, '23, '24, '25

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History

Thirty-five years ago East Lansing consisted of a very few farm houses near the west college entrance; none at all east of Delta Street. The only education the children received was through private tutoring. Those wishing for more than the fundamentals could go about two miles east to the Marble School or west to Lansing. The opening of a school was the gathering of eight to ten children in the college machine shops by one of the grown up daughters of a member of the college faculty. But as East Lansing began to grow the people realized the need of a public school. In 1900 the first school meeting was held in the White Elephant, a building that stood on the corner of Harrison Avenue south and Michigan. It was decided to hire a teacher and conduct school in the Y. M. C. A. room of the dormitory, Williams Hall.

In October the term began with about forty pupils, the teacher getting \$30 a month. The following year school was held in a barn that stood back of the present college hospital. In the meantime the site of the present building was purchased from Mr. Saltmarsh for \$250. A one room, brick building was erected which cost \$1364. By 1905 an addition was needed, so a hallway and a second floor were built. In 1909 it was necessary to remodel again. This time a new building was attached to the front, consisting of a basement, two large rooms on the first floor, and an auditorium on the second. But with even these additions it became crowded in five or six years.

It was to such a building in 1913 that six of our present class came seeking for knowledge (?): R. B. Cook, Mabel Force, Alice Laycock, Reinhold Penner, Kenneth Schepers, and Mary Bebesheimer. On the night of March 4, 1917, the building burned. While the present building was being erected we held school in the People's Church. Even though we only went a half a day there was much suffering from the slivers picked up from the rough tables. With the strenuous efforts of the teachers—Rose Sweeney, Ethel Polhumes and Catherine King—we added to our meagre store of knowledge and also to the number in our ranks. So by the time we left Miss Kyes in the eighth grade we were increased by eleven: Bertha Bessey, Rosaline Domboorajian, Gaylon Ford, Erma Moore, Merrill Marshall, Marguerite Potter, Robert Plant, Edwin Reuling, Ruth Sackett, Florence Schmitt and Irma Whittemore.

According to everyone, including ourselves, we were the most illustrious of all freshmen. To begin with, we had a weenie roast at Pinetum, Mr. and Mrs. Voss were the chaperons, yet you couldn't tell it by their actions. On going home through the woods many saw bright and shining stars when they should have seen the tree in front of them. At Jean Angle's we had a Hallowe'en party with ghosts, spooks and everything—at least we thought so when a gallon of cider was discovered to be missing; more so when Bob began to sing hilarious songs.

Our Sophomore Carnival turned more funds into the athletic treasury than

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any previous one, due to the efforts of Nolan Walker and Marguerite Potter. This year a sleigh ride was enjoyed—at least by those who walked where the snow wasn't. A masquerade party was held at Betty Friday's, many learning that looks are deceiving. Our weenie roast was at Potter Park and these who lost their dimes going down the chute-the-chute had to walk home. This year many joined us—some from the freshman class, others from outside: Myrta Coons, Elizabeth Potter, Norma Gallup, Chester Grey, Wheeler Grey, Bernice Howard, Genevieve Sanford, Mira Kirker, Warren Pierce, Nolan Walker, and Virginia Fiske.

With Bob Angle, president, and Miss Blinstrub faculty advisor, as a Junior class we staged the biggest J-Hop ever known of in East Lansing with favors and all. We broke all records by coming out with money in the treasury. During commencement week we gave a banquet for the Seniors. After toasts by the teachers, the never-to-be-forgotten gathering broke up. Marie Nelson, Virginia Tenant, Albert Sacks, Jean U'Ren, Ruth U'Ren and Mattie Rouse were added to our intellectual class during this year.

This last fall we came back as Seniors with a new corps of teachers to greet us. Keeping old traditions, we drove to Grend Ledge for a weenie roast. It was the night the tile factory burned down and Mr. Van Zandt had some time to keep the "little children" from trying to scorch their faces. He rescued Wheeler, Genevieve, and Miss Kole just before the walls fell. After detouring several miles we finally got to the park and really enjoyed the weenies and cinders with pickles. The Ceniad Staff put on a carnival which proved a great success. The sleigh ride was held January 16th, followed by a dance in the gymnasium. The Senior Prom was in the beautifully decorated gymnasium. Everyone claims it the triumph of the year.

MARY BIEBESHEIMER



Ceniaad

Prophecy

TIME—1950

PLACE—Hotel Ponce de Leon, Palm Beach, Florida

The crowd swarmed on the beach, watching the shooting of a new Sachs comedy. Two matrons sat on the veranda of the Hotel Ponce de Leon viewing the crowd with well bred indifference.

The taller says, "I simply had to take a rest, running that exchange was too much for me. You see, when Jim died his business was such a mess that I just had to straighten it out before I could sell it."

The other woman answered with a sigh. "Well, I am tired too. I had done so much entertaining and then to have that terrible tragedy, that most horrible accident, completely upset me. I am still nervous. I can hardly think."

We will now introduce our readers to the two weary ladies. The first is Mattie Rouse Sheridan, the widow of a wealthy New York stock broker and internationally known polo player. The other is Florence Schmitt MacLeod also a widow. She has but lately figured in a most sensational automobile hold-up and accident in which her husband was killed and she was badly injured and robbed of valuable jewelry, namely an E. L. H. S. ring.

The group of chattering bathing girls approached the porch, much noise, many shrieks and more "how are you's" filled the air. The beauties were none less than Ruth Sakett, Sterra Towner, Ione Lautner, Ruth and Jean U'Ren. All in the movies and on their way to stardom.

"The class of '25 certainly has wandered," said Mattie. "I never dreamed that we would all meet here. How did you all happen to go into the movies, just drift? I wonder what Virginia Fiske is doing now? It has been ages since I heard from her; she hates to write and I have been so rushed."

"Why don't you know?" asked Sterra, "She and Virginia Tennant have won the International Casino Championship."

"And I heard they had taken a contract to travel with Warren Pierce's Side Show this next year, to give exhibitions of their playing," added Ione.

"Side Show?" gasped Florence.

"Yes," Ione pursued, "Warren Pierce always had a fondness for pink lemonade although he concealed it pretty well."

Said Florence, "Did you know about our other football star, Rheinhold Penner? Well, he forecasts fashions for the 'Powder Puff.' And he's considered very good, too."

"Oh!" wailed all the girls, "What are we coming to?"

Then some one said, "But what is this 'Powder Puff?'"

"Don't you know?" asked Mattie, "It's the most popular magazine here at the Beach. And feature this: It's edited by Bertha Agnes Bessey, Alice Laycock and Erma Moore draw for it, Bernice Howard writes the jokes."

Finally someone recovered from this shock sufficiently to ask about Kenneth.

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Jean said that he was making a small fortune laying cornerstones and that he had cut quite a figure at the Bricklayer's and Grocery clerks Ball, where every one thought his song and dance act were wonderful.

Ruth U'Ren gave this information. And Marie Nelson is traveling in Burma and climbing all available mountains.

"Well," Ruth concluded, "I always knew she'd come up in the world but for Al Sachs to go looking for a cigar lighter in Tibet when there are dozens of matches waiting for him here, gets me."

"That surely is queer," said Mattie, "But have you heard the latest scandals? Merrill Marshal and Robert Plant are on trial for selling stock in a gas Plant that has no gas."

"Funny Merrill couldn't have taken care of that," put in Jean, "He was one of our best debaters, too."

Mattie ignored this interruption and went on, "Girls, it pains me to tell this——"

"Let me then," said Florence.

Mattie gave a look for silence and proceeded, "Mary B. was secretary to this Plant and was in the fraud even deeper than Merrill and Bob. You can be sure it was a shock to me when I learned of it. There is some consolation though, Mary has had to hire a secretary to answer all the mail she's gotten since the trial began. Merrill and Bob have both had offers from movie men to star in new pictures."

"Yea for our side," said the Sach Mennett girls.

"I think they'll come out O. K. because Nolan is their attorney, and everyone says he's just wonderful," finished Mattie.

"Oh let's go see him!" the beauties cried.

"I wouldn't," said Florence. "You see he's so busy with that case and with Eddie Reuling's breach of promise suit, that he hasn't time to see anyone. Yes, Eddie the old heart smasher, is being sued by three chorus girls and on the top of that his wife wants to get ten thousand dollars per month alimony. Poor Eddie hasn't that much money, although he has a lot of stock in Norma Gallup's glue and jello factory. And incidentally I heard that Norma was enormously wealthy."

"Oh!" sighed Jean, "She always did love horses."

Everyone laughed, "Hoof! Hoof!" at this wise one.

Florence finished by saying, "Anyway I guess Eddie's about the worst off of the class."

"Oh, I don't know," said Ruth Sackett, "Look at Elizabeth Potter and Myrta Coons, writing a dictionary of Sociology."

"That certainly is some job," said Mattie.

"Oh by the way, can you guess what Irma Whittemore is doing now?" asked Ione.

"No, what?" said all.

"She runs a fishing boat in Lake Michigan and she goes out in the worst storms, perfectly fearless. She is the pride of the Lakes."

"Well that surely is unique, our's always was an unusual class, though," Sterra said.

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"I feel sorry for her," said Florence. "It must be so disagreeably cold up there, me for Florida."

"She won't even go back to East Lansing any more," put in Mattie, "and I'm dying to know what the rest of the class are doing."

"I got a letter awhile ago from home and it said that Mabel Force is Head Matron at The Kalamazoo Asylum for the Hopelessly Insane," said Ruth U'Ren.

"It also said," she went on, "That Rosaline was one of our most distinguished Representatives at Washington. She ably supports the Bill to provide A Little Goldfish in Every American Home. You see Rosaline and Irma have formed a company. Irma catches the fish, Rosaline gilds them and then goes to Congress to work on this Bill."

"Cookie is the new chef at the 'Greek's,' he makes the best Campbell's soup, and hash."

When I was home last summer they had just finished the new theater, it was and is, managed by Jeanetta Schram. She had the Sweet Stuffed Sisters playing there, and here's who's in the company, Mira Kirker who dances and Genevieve Sanford plays the piano. They're very popular with the students around town. Their costumes were lovely but then, look, who designed them."

"Who?" came from all.

"Marguerite Potter," was the answer.

"Well they ought to be good," said Mattie, "She was in Paris for five years and walked back."

"She won't be designing much any more," Ruth U'Ren added, "You remember what Mr. Lane said once, that some day she'd be only too glad to marry a farmer. That's what she's done, married a regular hayseed, but she loves farm life, likes to get up early in the morning, it keeps her busy she says, so she is happy."

"One more bit of news," said Jean, "Gaylon Ford has just returned from Made-agas-car, think of it girls, he's the U. S. Ambassador to that important island. He's wonderfully popular with the natives there and they want to make him president. That's statesmanship for you, I say."

Florence glanced at her watch, "Oh, I must run. Mattie are you coming with me? I have a date with the barber, girls, and I'm fearfully late."

See you all at Goldbergs dance, to-night," she said over her shoulder.

"You bet." Ruth Sackett, Ione, Sterra, and the U'Rens answered.

"That Goldberg place certainly is lovely," said Ruth Sackett. "I'm crazy to go to-night."

"The Grey Brothers did the decorating," said Ione.

"Not Chester and Wheeler?" questioned Sterra.

"Yes they're very popular around here," Ione said.

"Well," mused Jean, "It's not so far from interior *decorations* to interior *decorators*."

They all laughed and then yelled together, "Yea '25". A camera man who had been hovering around, was shocked into taking their picture and a reporter gave them a full column on the front page of the Community Life.

Thus the class of '25 of East Lansing High School became famous ! ! !

MYRTA COONS

Centiau

Class Will

Be it known that we, the members of the class of 1925 of East Lansing High School, being of sound mind and disposing memory and knowing the vast uncertainty of life, do hereby make, execute, and declare this to be our last will and testament. That is to say:

1—I, Albert Sacks, do solemnly bequeath my entire assortment of passionate socks and hot neck-ties to Lake Simpson.

2—I, Bertha Bessey, do hereby bequeath my ability to drive a car to Johnny Hicks. Hold 'er Newt!

3—I, Jeanne U'Ren, bequeath to Alice Giltner my talkative way. "Don't abuse it Al."

4—I, Kenneth Schepers, do regrettably leave to Gerald Allen my cud of gum.

5—We, Norma Gallup and Irma Whittemore, do leave to Glenn Miller our careers as actresses.

6—I, Nolan Walker, do leave to Leland Cribbs my ability to run things.

7—I, Bernice Howard, do mournfully bequeath my snicker to Mary Pennington.

8—We, Chet Grey and Wheeler Grey, do will to Don Houghton and Harry Lucas our musical abilities on the banjo and drums—"There's a reason—Postum!"

9—I, Alice Laycock, bequeath to Lowell Nash my winning smiles.

10—I, Sterra Towner, leave to Margaret Wilson my permanent curl.

11—I, Florence Schmitt, do bequeath my arguing ability to Effie Ericson.

12—I, Mattie Rouse, being of sound mind, do leave my popularity with all the teachers, especially Mr. Van Zandt, to Marion Hedrick and Bessie Giltner to use as they see fit.

13—I, Robert Plant, do bequeath my artful way with the women to Maxwell Strothers.

14—I, Ruth U'Ren, do bequeath all sundry parts of my wicked eye to Alice Dietrich.

15—I, Gaylon Ford, do hereby leave my ability as a grocery clerk to Henry Johnston.

16—I, Ruth Sackett, leave to Betty Carr my dislike of the male population.

17—I, Mira Kirker, bequeath to Margaret Harris my Longfellow. "Watch your step Freddie."

18—I, Myrta Susan Coons, bequeath to Henrietta Schmitt my golden locks.

19—I, Rosaline Domboorajian, will my numerous gowns to Mary Jennings.

20—I, Foster Mohrhardt, will my ability to entertain the public speaking class to George Harrison.

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21—We, Virginia Fiske and Virginia Tennant, to Elizabeth Grey and Ellen Johnston will our basketball tactics.

22—We, Erma Moore and Marie Nelson, will our bold and vampish ways to Lavina Strayer.

23—I, Edwin Reuling, do bequeath my ability as a salesman (peddling newspapers) to Elroy McGonigal.

24—I, Robert Cook, do bequeath my ability to dance to Wilfred Howell.

25—I, Merrill Marshall, do bequeath my ability to debate to the next year's debating team.

26—I, Reiny Penner, do bequeath my length of stature to Dean Crist, so that next year he may take part in the state track meet.

27—The stunning fashions of Elizabeth Potter we leave to the local window decorators.

28—I, Genevieve Sanford, leave to Fritz Wagenvoord my musical talent.

29—I, Mary Biebesheimer, leave my front seat in the Senior row to Jeanne La Forge.

30—The ease and grace with which I, Warren Pierce, can bring forth melodies (?) from a mouth organ I leave to Byron Baker.

31—I, Mabel Force, bestow upon Stuart Krentel my everlasting hair-pulling ability.

32—I, Ione Lautner, leave my noisy ways to the peaceful Freshmen.

33—I, Jenetta Schram, leave my mammoth build to Lloyd Grabo.

To our parents and to the citizens of East Lansing we extend our heart-left gratitude for loyalty and devotion in securing for us an education.

We do hereby appoint Rex Strother as sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In testimony thereof, we the class of 1925, have thereunto set our hand and seal this 19th day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five.

SENIOR CLASS (Seal)

On this 19th day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, the Senior Class of East Lansing High School signed the foregoing instrument and declared the same to be their last will and testament, in the presence of us, as witnesses and we, not being interested therein, at the request of said Senior Class in our presence and in the presence of each other where they could see us sign our names, did thereupon on said mentioned day subscribe our names hereto as witnesses thereof.

Ruth U'Ren,

Residing at East Lansing, Michigan

Mattie Rouse,

Residing at East Lansing, Michigan



U. Jemmant



Etterra S.



P. Sackett



Walter



Emma M.



'Bob'



Alice



Mary B.



Norma



Genervieve



Done



Marie



Mabel & 'Cookie'



Alice



JUNIORS



Juniors

President	Gaylord Walker
Vice-President	Margaret Harris
Secretary	Jean LaForge
Treasurer	Leland Cribbs

Chas. R. Chapman	Ward Duncan
Cecil Crawford	Burness DuTart
Ione Crawford	Effie Ericson
Dean Crist	Janet Gerdel
Alice Dietrich	Mathilda Gohr
Michael Hauer	Leo Klever
Meredith Heald	Andrew McElroy
Don Houghton	Glenn Miller
Wilfred Howell	Lowell Nash
Mary Jennings	Mary Pennington
Clayton Pierce	Maxwell Strothers
Isabel Raymond	Frederick Wagenvoord
Lavina Strayer	Margaret Wilson

Faculty Advisor: Miss Hayes
 Class Motto: Impossible is un-American
 Flower: Pansy
 Colors: Blue and Gold



SOPHIE



Sophomores

President	Lake Simpson
Vice-President	Millicent Lamb
Secretary	Harry Lucas
Treasurer	Lucille Darling
Gerald Allen		Clifton Coolidge
Dorothy Brainard		Hubert Crozier
Margaret Burroughs		Harriet Dietz
Betty Carr		Norma Faunce
Lawrence Church		Ruth Fishbeck
Eunice Scott		John Hicks
Sarah Shaw		Harold Howard
Helen Shoesmith		Ellen Johnston
George Harrison		Henry Johnston
Raymond Hughes		Knox Kling
Elsie Frost		Bessie Unger
Alice Giltner		Stuart Krentel
Elizabeth Grey		Ruth Lane
Elizabeth Smith		Wellington Merrill
Rexford Strother		Gertrude Merdie
Doris Posthumus		Henrietta Schmitt
John Raber		Barabara Wienburg
Ruth Reed		Inez Whittemore
Catherine Robinson		Berdette Wise
Jean Sangster		
Colors: Rose and Grey		
Flower: Wild Rose		
Motto: Don't die on third		
Faculty Advisor: Miss Witter		

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Trees

In the cool, rainy, semi-darkness they stand
Swaying silently, alone and grey.
How unhappy they seem against the foggy sky,
And the great red disc of sun.
At night, when the cold, silver white moon
Hangs high above them,
They are giants that sway to the music
Of the soft melancholy night wind.
They haunt me with their untold sorrows—
Or is it supreme happiness?
Do they sway madly because they glory in the wind
Or because they are driven?
Oh trees! When will you unfold your secret
Of happiness or hideous loneliness?

MARGUERITE POTTER

Centiad

J
U
N
I
O
R
H
I
G
H



9-A

President	Louise Fisher
Vice-President	Maurice Irwin
Treasurer	Byron Bennet
Secretary	Dorothy Miller
Julius Ayres		Fern Cazier
Ralph Baker		Clarence Dahlman
Louise Beckwith		William DeBeaubien
Doris Buell		Barabara Dell
Francis Butler		Elaine Filkins
Lloyd Grabo		Maxine Letts
Elizabeth Hall		Herbert Penner
John Harris		Floyd Rogers
Beth Housel		Frank Sanford
Richard Hutchison		Alice Severs
Leone Ford		Helen Smith
Grace Shappell		Gladys True
Loren Shull		Frank Wright
Duane Simmons		
Miss Kole—Faculty Advisor		



President Robert Spindler
 Vice-President Ernest Jensen
 Secretary Irene Marquardt
 Treasurer Rosa Lee Reed

Miss Murray—Faculty Advisor

Sarah Ayres	Anna Emmons
Robert Brown	James Granum
Jean Carr	Gertrude Hill
Marshall Coolidge	Jennie Hutchison
Lucille Dahlman	Harvey Lavers
Vola Lounsbury	Lloyd Utter
Elroy McGonagal	Cornelius Wagenvoord
Hope Morgan	Stafford Westphal
Chapin Olin	
Almeda Raymond	

8—A (With 9—B)

President Wendell Smith
 Vice-President Martha Kirker
 Secretary Bessey Giltner
 Treasurer Marion Hedrick

Mr. Nason—Faculty Advisor

Max Andrews	Robert Clark
Rowland Blair	Bert Darling
Willard Bush	Louis Darling
Glenn Campbell	Donald DeZeeuw
Lowell Carr	William Hall
Winnifred Ingersoll	John Sheldon
Walter Johnson	Junior Shreve
Elizabeth Morell	Henry Smith
Wendell Moore	Natallia Sutterby

(22) *Hopera friend whom she shot. Birthday same as Hopera mine*



8-B

William Bessey

Martin Biery

Robert Breugel

Lelle Childs

Lyle Dodge

Louise Lange

Carol Laycock

Grace Launsberry

Marvin Marshall

Maynard Marshall

Jeanette Somers

Myrna Utter

Doris Watson

Roma Wise

Donald Voss

Harold Munshaw

Henry Nelson

Doris Newman

Horace Norton

Reginald Reynolds

Chauncy Emmett

Dorothy Emmons

William Gill

Norrine Grover

Ivan Irwin

Ceniad

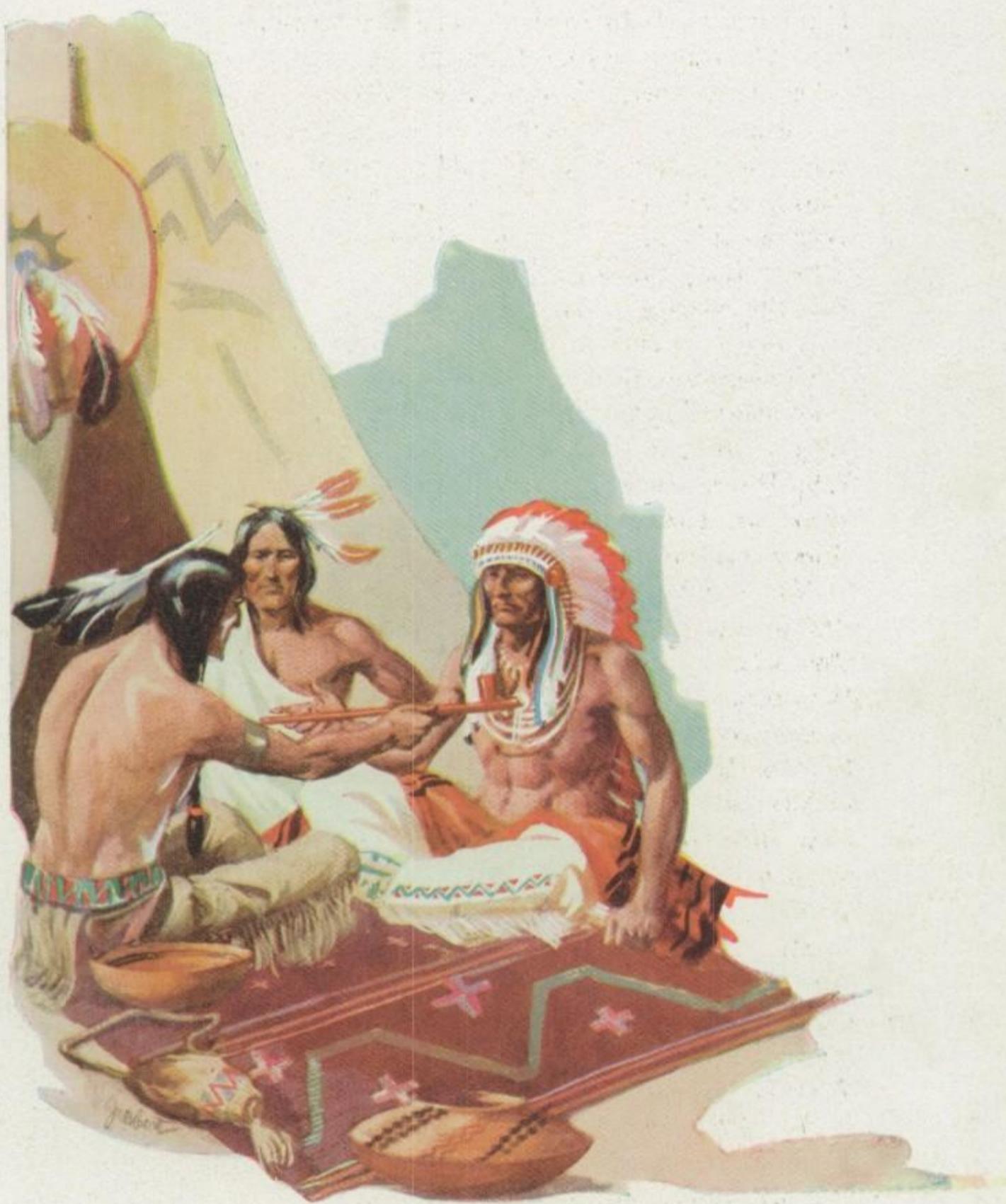
The Band Wagon

President (retired)	Byron Baker
Vice President	Rex Strother
Secretary of State	Robert Plant
Secretary of War	Reinhold Penner
Secretary of Navy	Lloyd Grabo
Secretary of Treasury	Lowell Nash
Secretary of Interior (STOMACH)	Gerald Allen
Governor	C. W. Potter
Janitor	Leo Klever
The DRIVER	Foster Mohrhardt
The HORSES	Bernice Howard, Mabel Force
The COACH DOG	Edwin Reuling
The FLAGPOLES	Janet Gerdel, Gertrude Merdie
The SEATS	Irma Whittemore, Andy McElroy
The STEERING WHEEL	"Wheel" Grey
The WHEELS.....	George Harrison Bertha Bessey Michael Hauer Ruth Sackett
The SQUEAK	Richard Hutchinson
The EXCESS BAGGAGE	Frederick Wagenvoord, Mira Kirker
The BANDMASTER	Berdette Wise
The SAXAPHONE	Al Sacks
The DRUM	Harry Lucas
The PICCOLO	Clayton Pierce
The CORNET	Don Houghton
The BIG NOISE	Mattie Rouse

Ceniad

The Ceniad Staff Wants to Know

When Alice Giltner will wear longer dresses.
If it hurts Mr. Van Zandt to smile in the assembly room.
Why Mr. Nason wears rubber soled shoes.
When the teachers will run out of flunks.
If Kenneth and R. B. wear petticoats under their "English Balloons."
Why some people think that golden glint will improve their looks.
Why Leo Kleaver doesn't get some long trousers.
Who started this style of the fellows not wearing garters.
Where Harry Lucas got it.
Why Mr. Lane will eat rich foods.
If it was a regular teacher or a substitute who stopped all the clocks.
If there is more than two years between Ruth's and Jean's ages.
How much Gerald Allen's chewing gum bill amounts to.
Why all the girls have straight hair on rainy days.
Why Mattie wastes so many smiles on the teachers.
What Mr. Lane will have to talk about in his next year's civics class.
Why the school doesn't install an elevator.
If Mr. Van Zandt knows how to make capital letters in hieroglyphic.
And if anyone outside of E.L.H.S. would know what ~~xyz~~ means.
How so many develope a cold or sore throat at such opportune times.
Why they didn't make all the seats in the assembly room front ones.
If next year's Senior class will try the St. Patrick's Day stunt.
If Miss Hayes can swear in French.
If Miss Witter was always so dignified.
How Dick Hutchinson got out of the ditch that night. (help me out)
What has become of the "Code of Ethics."
Why Miss Walker doesn't get her hair bobbed.
If Mr. Lane knows what sociology is.
Who was mean enough to put a drinking fountain in the hall and then kick if we use it on hot days.
If Chet Grey and Johnnie Hicks are self conscious.
What becomes of all the compacts the girls lose.
If Bill Potter belongs to the House of David.
What the student Privileges are.
If Marie Nelson and Jean La Forge will ever get a mark below A.
Why Marguerite and Elizabeth never agree.
If Al Sacks wears rouge.
If Dean Crist will ever grow up.
If the school will miss us very much next year.



Organizations

Ceniad

Society

A. B. T. Fall Term Party

Following the old tradition the A. B. T.'s. had their annual Fall Term Party the night after Thanksgiving.

The gymnasium was very prettily decorated with the society colors of maize and blue. Balloons were suspended from the ceiling. Powder had previously been blown in the balloons by the members of the society who had superfluous breath. Much to everyone's surprise when the usual sticking of pins in the balloons began the brunettes became blondes and the blondes became gray-headed. This added to the excitement of the party.

Everyone had a good time (a secret it's reported the A. B. T.'s. made 10 cents).

JEAN U'REN

Basket Ball Dances

The basket ball dances held in the gymnasium after the games were enjoyed by the students and added a little bit of excitement to the social life of the high school.

Senior Prom

The climax of our social triumph came when we gave the Senior Prom, in May. The spacious gymnasium looked its best decorated in the harmonious combination of black and gold, contrasted with the riot of colors of the becoming party gowns worn.

Union Character Party

The Union had its first social gathering March 5, 1925. The grand march was held at 8 o'clock. The display of costumes was amusing. There were many different kinds of dresses and suits worn. Mrs. Van Zandt, our social advisor, furnished unique entertainment by teaching us games and folk dances.

Ceniad Benefit Dance

East Lansing High School opened its season of social activities with the Ceniad Benefit Dance. The affair was staged in the gymnasium, October 22, 1924. The room being cleverly decorated with corn stalks, pumpkins and colored leaves. The entire evening was spent in dancing, music being furnished by the "Melody Pirates." There was a short intermission during which cider and doughnuts were sold. The party was a great success.

Freshman Class Party

The Freshman class of East Lansing High School had its first class party Tuesday night November 25, 1924, at the high school building. A committee composed of Doris Buelle, Beth Housel, and Barbara Dell, with the help of Miss Kole, the class advisor, planned and served a very attractive pot luck supper in the hall. After the supper the class played games in the gymnasium. Miss Murray and Mrs. Fisher were the guests of the occasion.

LOUISE FISHER '28

Ceniaad

J-Hop

The jazzy but dignified Juniors sponsored one of the most successful parties of the school year. The party was held in the College Armory which was decorated in the class colors of maize and blue. The paper was draped very prettily from each corner of the room to the center. The lights were covered with maize paper and floor lamps were placed in the cozy corners, giving the hall an oriental effect.

But alas! The frightful accident of the evening was "When the lights went out" (everyone went on dancing). An electrician was found, but not very many were surprised when they flashed on again.

The Pastime Players furnished the excellent music, while balloons and serpentines added to the fun. The feature dance of the evening was performed by the banjo player of the orchestra.

Senior Breakfast

We got up early and all were there, except those that were asleep in bed. We crowded into the U'Ren's Ford and other vehicles of transportation and finally reached Round Lake. There we had breakfast (????). Bill Potter finally got us all warm (hot air) and a few of us thought of taking a dive to get cooled off. The strongest of us got our share of the eats, while the weaker stood around waiting for a stray morsel to drop to fill their empty cavities. After a good time, the U'Ren Ford again "did its stuff" and we arrived at the school house without any harm done, except a couple blowouts.

VIRGINIA FISKE

Folly Day

After the Senior breakfast we all participated in the ever popular folly day. After raiding attics and donning the moth-eaten relics everyone came to school. The Seniors marched around the room and onto the platform. Each one gave a clever stunt.

Senior Weenie Roast

Nero would well have appreciated the Senior Weenie Roast. Nero was so thrilled by the burning of Rome that he played on his fiddle. The Seniors were so thrilled by the burning of the Grand Ledge tile factory that they devoured a few thousand weenies, strained several vocal cords at attempted harmony, and completely wrecked three ukeleles. With the huge fire nearby casting grotesque shapes throughout the September woods, Potter expostulated exorbitantly. Sh——a secret, 'tis said by some that a few of the citizens of Grand Ledge, having heard that Potter was to accompany us, kindled the fire that he might have something to rave about. We wonder?

FOSTER MOHRHARDT

Junior-Senior Banquet

The Juniors showed their appreciation of the class of '25 by giving us a banquet. We had gobs to eat and twice as many speeches. Fiske showed her daintiness by eating peas with a knife. The rest of us made good use of our fingers. We thank the Juniors for their kindness in giving this entertainment.

Centiad

The Senior Play

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

The importance of Being Earnest, a three act comedy by Oscar Wilde, was chosen for the Senior Play this year. From the opening of the first act to the exceedingly humorous climax there is a series of complications concerning the love episodes of John Worthing and Algernon Moncrief. The romantic dispositions of Cecily and Gwendolin, respective sweethearts of John and Algernon cause the two latter to desire to be christened "Earnest."

THE LOVE PIRATES OF HAWAII

Cast of Characters

Billy Wood	Don Houghton
Pirate Chief	Wheeler Grey
Dorothy Dear	Norma Gallup
Miss Primer	Effie Ericson
Scary	Chapin Olin
Lehua	Genevieve Sanford
Maile	Ione Lautner
Karnali	Doris Posthumus
Chorus of Hawaiian Girls	
Chorus of Pirates	

During the third week of March the operetta, the "Love Pirates of Hawaii" was presented and met with great success. The musical play included two acts, in the garden of Miss Primer's Private School in Hawaii. The love scene between Dorothy Dear and Billy Wood was very touching in its realism, occasional sniffs being heard from the audience. The costumes were appropriate and met the occasion as well as could be expected from a group of amateurs. The Hawaiian girls wore raffia skirts of Hawaiian effect while the boys were blood-thirsty pirates clothed in sleeveless shirts and legless trousers. On the whole the play was cleverly presented and there was a thunder of applause as the curtain descended for the last time.

EFFIE ERICSON

Ceniaad

The Orchestra

The first orchestra in the history of East Lansing High School was organized in November, 1922 by Mr. Buchanan who was at that time superintendent of the high school. The orchestra was fortunate in having Miss Francis Ayres as directoress and she has done excellent work in the past three years.

The orchestra has not made as many outside trips as in the preceding years, but it played for the Glee Club, I.O.O.F. banquet, and the People's Church. It also furnished music for chapel exercises and for plays that were given at the high school.

In 1924, it was one of the contestants in the State Tournament of high school orchestras which was held at Mt. Pleasant and received third place in its class.

The personnel of the orchestra has changed somewhat from year to year, but some of the first members have remained in the organization since it was started. The present members are as follows:—First violin—Rosaline Domboorajian, Inez Whittemore, Louise Fisher, Almeda Raymond, Raymond Hewes and Lake Simpson. Second Violins:—Barbara Dell and Willard Mitchell. Flutes:—Gaylon Ford and Edwin Reuling. Clarinet:—Rexford Strother. Saxophone:—Bert Darling. Piano:—Genevieve Sanford. Drums:—John Raber. REXFORD STROTHER

The Girls' Union

A new organization was perfected February 20th among the girls of the high school. The purpose of this Union is to promote democracy and good fellowship. All the upper four grades are eligible and every girl has joined. The first party of the Union was held March 5th in the gymnasium, and was voted a huge success. The control of the organization is visited in the council of ten—a representative body elected from every class. It is hoped that this Union will continue to remain one of the most popular organizations of the high school.

The officers for this year are:

President Mary Biebesheimer '25

Vice-President Mathilda Gohr '26

Secretary Doris Posthumus '27

Treasurer Louise Fisher '28

Mrs. Fred Van Zandt is social advisor and Mrs. Fisher is dean of girls.

MRS. FISHER

Union Council of Ten

SENIORS

Florence Schmitt, Genevieve Sanford, Mary Biebesheimer.

JUNIORS

Jeanne LaForge, Tilly Gohr, Effie Ericson.

SOPHOMORES

Doris Posthumus, Helen Shoesmith.

FRESHMEN

Louise Fisher, Francis Butler.



Left to Right—

Top Row—

Elizabeth Smith, Ruth Lane, Cecil Crawford, Gladys True, Francis Butler,
Beth Housel, Vola Lansbury, Miss Faust.

Bottom Row—

Doris Posthumus, Norma Faunce, Norma Gallup, Ione Lautner, Meredith
Heald, Jenny Hutchinson, Louise Fisher, Bertha Bessey, Isabel Raymond,
Eunice Scott.

Glee Clubs

At the opening of the school last fall the glee clubs were organized under the leadership of Miss Faust. The girls organized a Music Club and elected the following officers: president, Elizabeth Smith; secretary-treasurer, Norma Faunce; librarian, Doris Posthumus. This club met and spent many enjoyable evenings together. The Girl's Glee Club took part in the Christmas entertainment. On March 2 the boy's and girl's glee clubs presented "The Love Pirates of Hawaii," a musical comedy of two acts. With the money obtained from this they hope to represent East Lansing at the State Musical Contest held in Mt. Pleasant this spring.

Ceniað

Honor Society

This year marks the third year of the growth of a branch of the National Honor Society in our High School. This society was formed for the purpose of creating a desire in the minds of the students to excell in every branch of activity in the school throughout their high school career.

Twenty-five per cent of the senior class is chosen for marks alone. This year that number was ten. Then the faculty votes individually on each student for the following qualifications: leadership, character, and service. Averaging these results with the grade returns the first 60 per cent of the twenty-five are chosen.

From the present senior class those chosen were:

Mary Biebesheimer
Gaylon Ford
Robert Plant
Myrta Coons
Elizabeth Potter
Ione Lautner



1924 Debating

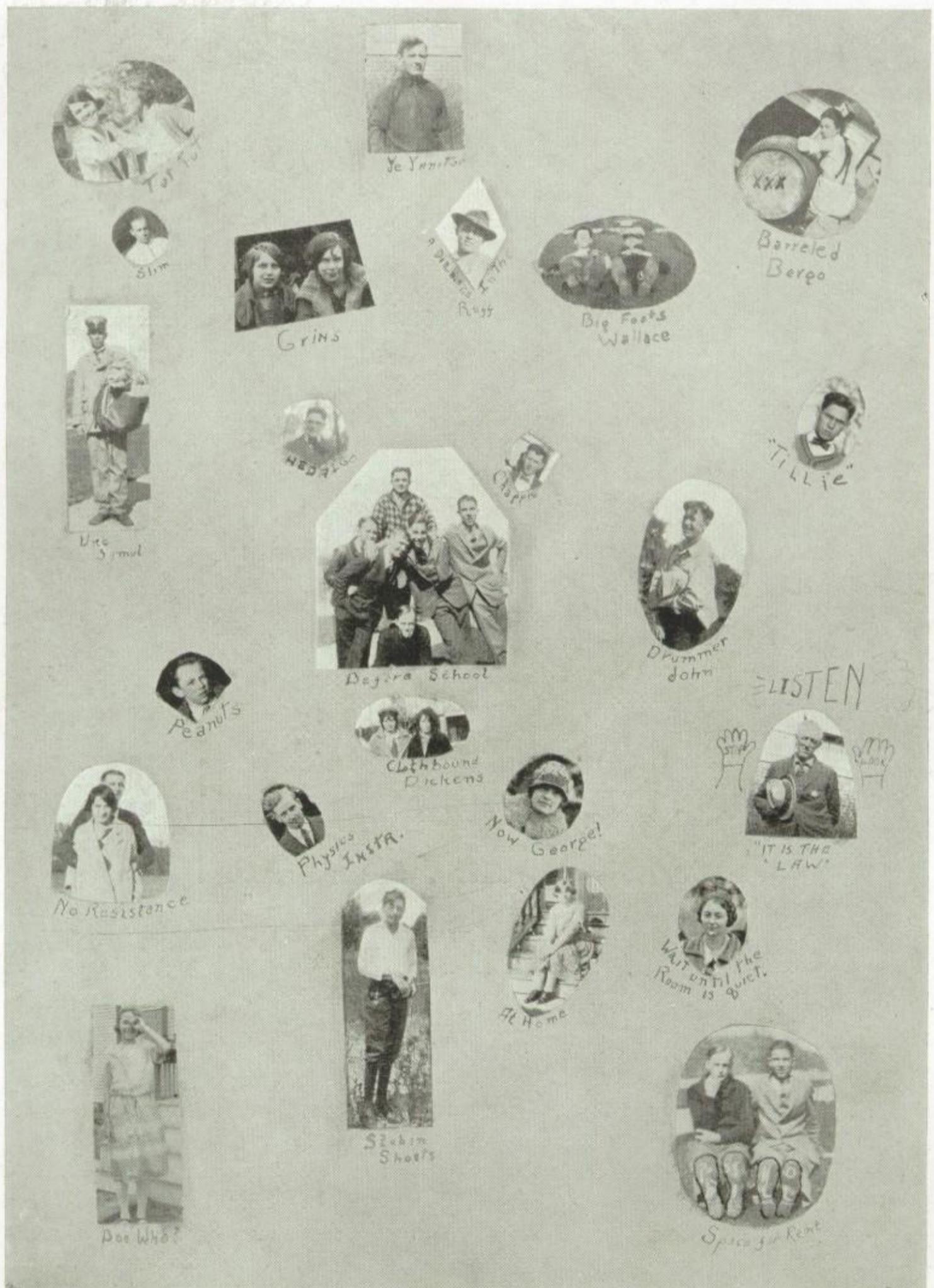
The "E. L. H. S. Arguffiers" worked hard and long, fought hard and fast, and came out victorious in all but one of their "brain storm" clashes with other high schools of the state, this year.

The question of debate was: "Resolved, that the Philippines shall have immediate and absolute independence." Our team took the negative standpoint.

A great deal of the credit for this successful season is due to the coaching of Mr. Wyatt. He is an exceedingly good debater and at all times practiced fair play and made the debaters glad to work for him. The debaters are: Mary Biebesheimer, Merrill Marshall, and Effie Ericson.

The Record

E. Lansing	Opposition
2	Alma 1
2	Durand 1
3	Portland 0
0	Howell 3
2	Hillsdale 1



Latin-By Taka Guess

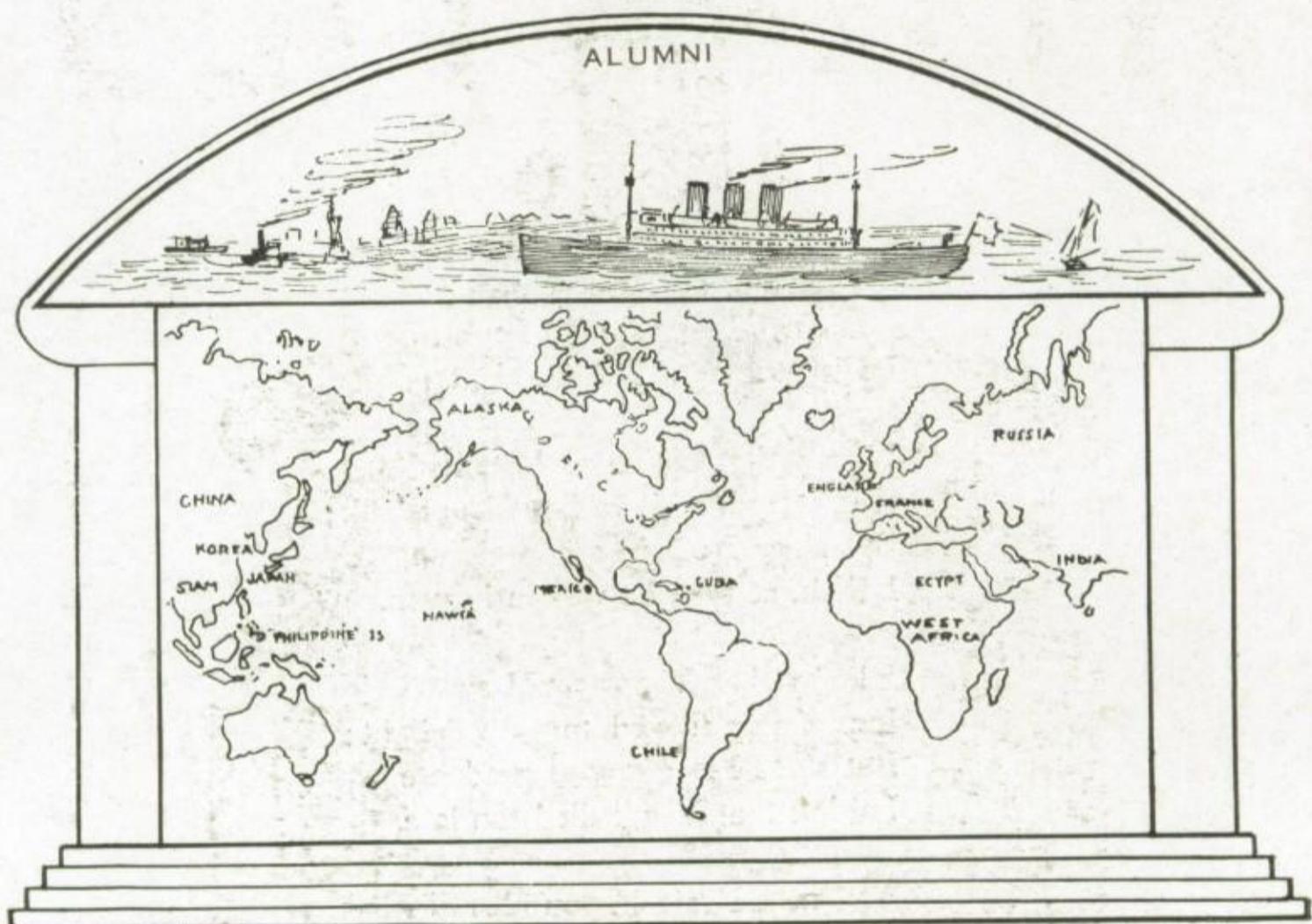
I know that Caeser had been sent,
To conquer and to circumvent;
But since he wrote his book of men
I wish the man had died at ten.

I know that Cicero could talk
And with his nerve he did not balk;
But since I am in grade eleven,
I wish, at two, he was in heaven.

I know that Virgil could sure write
It probably filled him with delight;
But since I'm going to graduate,
I think that Virgil died too late.

And now I've told you all my woes
And stepped on Mrs. Fisher's toes
I wish that Troy had all burned out
Or Aenas' boat had turned about.

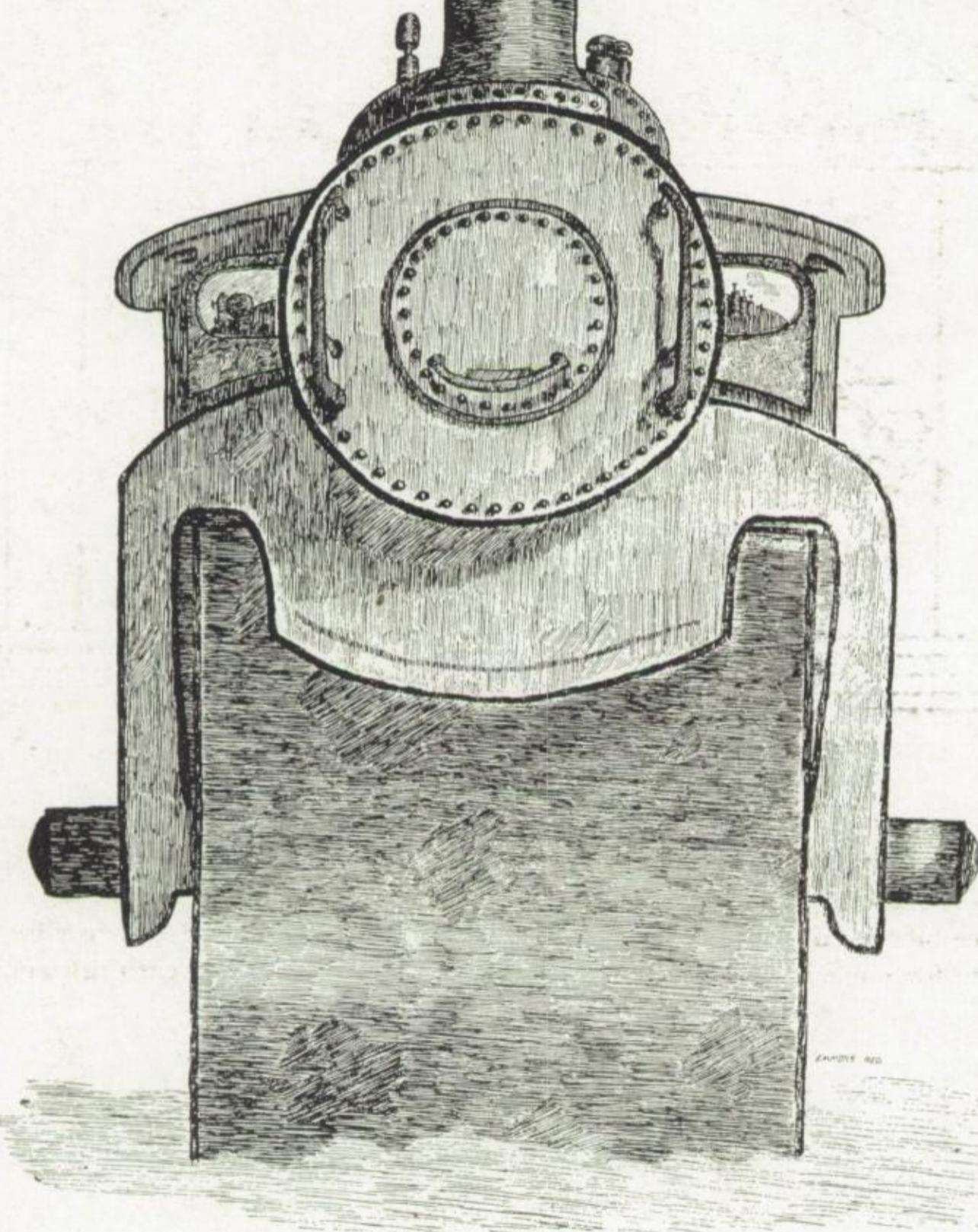
I know that Mrs. Fisher will
Know who rote this pretty pill;
But Mrs. Fisher bear in mind,
I've served my time no more shall pine,
ON LATIN.



Alumni

There is an active Alumni association of the East Lansing High School, which meets once every year for a social gathering and to renew old friendships. At this time officers are also elected. A directory is being assembled which will soon be ready for publication. We are sorry that we cannot publish it with this annual.

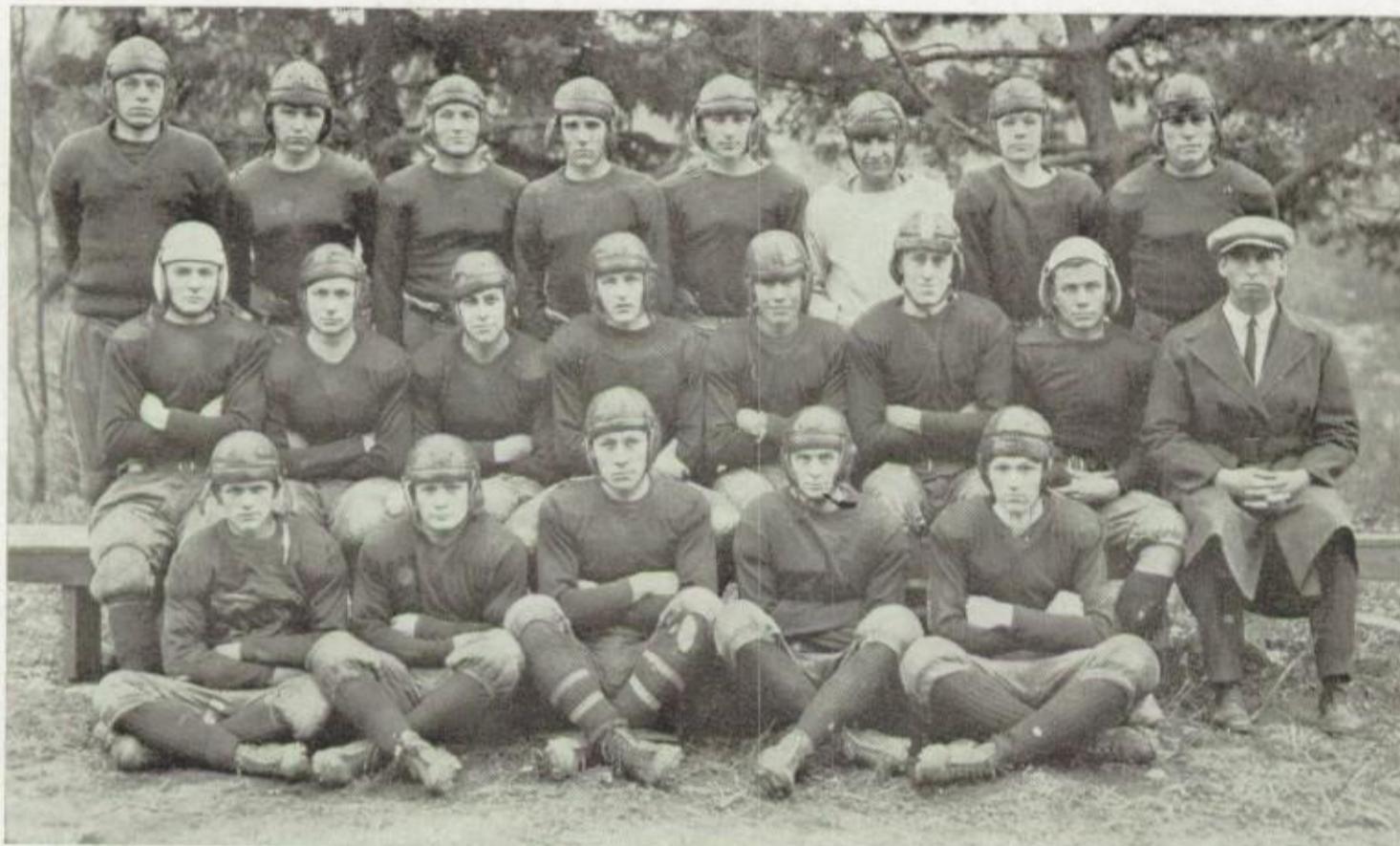
ATHLETIC



Ceniad

Dedication

To the Student Body, which has so faithfully supported the teams in every sport this year, we respectfully dedicate this section of the 1925 Ceniad.



The Line-up (left to right)—

Back Row—C. Pierce, end; L. Grabo, tackle; R. Plant, guard; A. McElroy, quarter; M. Hauer, half and captain-elect; R. Cook, half; W. Grey, end; G. Miller, guard.

Middle Row—G. Harrison, end; A. Sachs, end; K. Schepers, tackle; L. Cribbs, end; J. Raber, guard; L. Klever, center; W. Pierce, tackle; F. Van Zandt, coach.

Front Row—F. Mohrdardt, half; R. Penner, quarter and captain; N. Walker, tackle; G. Pierce, center; F. Sanford, guard.

Concord

Football

Our schedule was one of the hardest we had in many years, playing three class C schools and five class B schools. (Note—the class B schools were some of the season's strongest contenders for the class B title).

With the opening of the football season, at the East Lansing High School, great enthusiasm was shown by the twenty candidates who were to fight for positions on the team.

Coach Fred Van Zandt, our coach of Kalamazoo, spent most of his time in drilling on fundamentals and rudiments of the game.

Later time was spent in signal drill, team work and scrimmage besides the much disliked bucking, tackling the dummy, falling on the ball, and running which were to harden the players for the season's grind.

Although many of the candidates were inexperienced everyone showed a willingness to learn and each put into the game all he had.

Our opening game was played with our grand old foe, Grand Ledge. We played straight football most of the game were held to a 0-0 score. Then we journeyed to Howell and received our walking papers getting beaten by a decisive score. Next came to East Lansing the huskies from Charlotte outweighing our team thirty pounds to the man. We getting beaten. So overconfidence entered and the Perry team held us to 0-0. Then we journeyed to Eaton Rapids on Armistice Day. The outcome becoming satisfactory because Eaton Rapids was one of the best B schools out to get the class B title. Next on our list was Ithaca, the team being much larger, we were beaten, by a small score. Our next game was with Mason, we out-played them at every point, but were beaten 9-7. Then we played Ovid starting off with a rush we made a touchdown, but when the game ended it was 6-6. Our last game of the season was with St. Johns, we, being out-classed in size and weight, lost the game.



Back row—(left to right)—

A. Laycock, guard; Miss Mulder, coach; A. Giltner, guard.

First row—(left to right)—

J. Gerdel, center; V. Tennant, guard; S. Towner, center; V. Fiske, forward and captain; H. Shoesmith, forward; T. Gohr, center and captain-elect.

Girls' Basket Ball

On November first 1924, just about every girl in the high school turned out to make a position on the team. We thinned down to about eighteen people and then started in on real business. We had three veterans back from last year's wars. These are Tillie Gohr, Alice Laycock, and Virginia Fiske. Then there were the last year's subs, namely, Tennant, Towner. This is the material that we started out with.

Our first game was with Lainsburg, here. This was the game, where snow and ice got ahead of us, and kept Sterra home, but Bessey Unger played the game for her.

Playing on Lainsburg's "two by four" we succeeded in running up a high score against them.

We went to Grand Ledge and were beaten. It was a rough and difficult game. Then we went to Mason, Mason surprised us by giving us a walling.

The Charlotte game came next. This game was the best played in the season. Charlotte succeeded in defeating us by one point; this made by one foul shot.

The Tecumseh game came next. This game was a regular one. Here we discovered a new "basket bowler"—Ellen Johnston.

The last game of the season was played on our floor. Here Mason beat us by two points.

Centiað

The Team

Tillie Gohr—Captain-elect, (jumping center)—Tillie was always there when it came to jumping, we pride ourselves in having one of the best jumping centers in the state.

Sterra Towner—(running center)—is small, but big surprises come in little packages. When she and Tillie get started, there's a regular cyclone.

Alice Laycock—(guard)—Strong as the "Rock of Gibraltar."

Virginia Tenant—(guard)—"Let a forward dribble and she's mine."

Ellen Johnston—(forward)—Ellen is a regular pee-wee, but she sure has a lot of fight.

Helen Shoesmith—(forward)—is always ready to do her share, ever taking the hardest guard.

Alice Giltner—(guard)—Al is always jumping around and doing her bit. See you next year Al.

Janet Gerdel—(jumping center)—sub-Slim Jim feels like a pee-wee next to her. Go to it Janet.

Bessey Unger—(running center)—sub—"Green but growing."

Virginia Fiske—(forward Captain)—When it comes to making scores, Ginger was on the job ringing 'em up like an old cash register.



Left to right—

Coach Beckley; L. Klever, center; A. McElroy, guard; R. Penner, guard; G. Harrison, guard; W. Pierce, guard; L. Cribbs, center (captain); H. Crozier, forward; R. Cook, forward.

Thanks to Beckley

Coach Beckley has served the high school the best of any coach of recent years. We cannot say too much in expressing our thanks and praise for his labors.

We wish him even greater success for next season. As this is his first year at coaching, even the severest critic will admit that he seems to have a fine career ahead of him. "Good Luck to you, Coach."

Ceniaad

Boys' Basket Ball

The first of December a call was issued for basketball men. Twenty responded, from which developed one of the strongest class "C" teams in the state.

The season started off well, handing Williamston a 23-7 defeat. Next Laingsburg fell, 22-12. Then came the biggest surprise of the season, Marshall, the team which had beaten us three straight years went home satisfied with a 16-12 defeat. Things looked toward a winning team. The following day the fellows travelled to Fenton, there we handed them, one of the best class "C" schools, its worst defeat of the season 22-10.

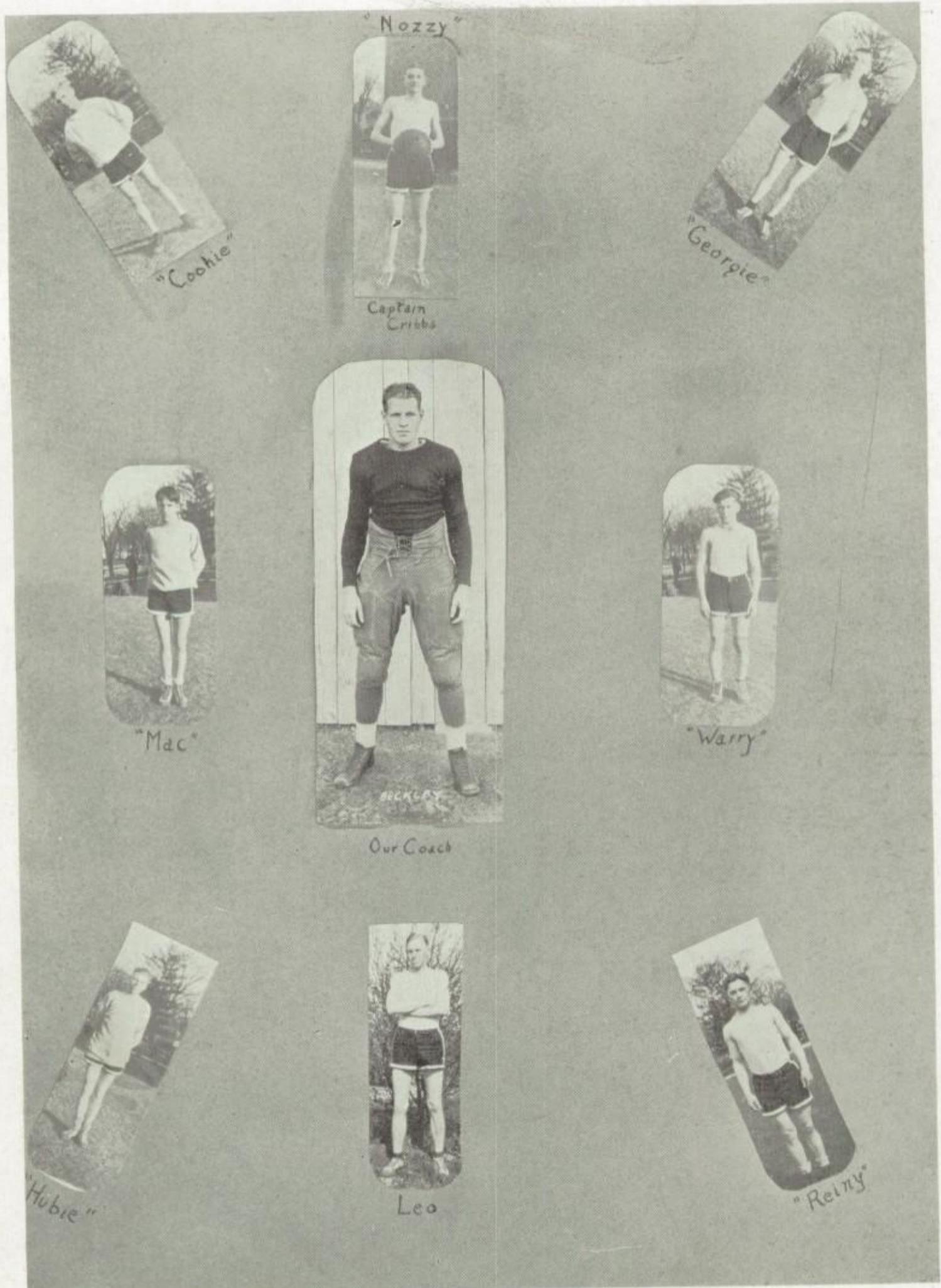
The next two were with Grand Ledge and Laingsburg, both resulting in victories. Mr. Overconfidence slipped into camp and we lost to Mason, at Mason 13-17. This defeat did the team more good than harm, for it gave us the desire to go through the rest of the season undefeated. We staged a comeback defeating Tecumseh, Howell, and Ionia by comfortable scores and handing the rest of the following their share of losses: Grand Ledge, Fowlerville and Mason.

Mason came down here as though they were going to tan our hides. They brought twenty men along and a good crowd. Things looked black for the Blue and White, but the team was used to this kind of bluff, having seen it before. The game wasn't more than two minutes old before we had six points. We won easily 17-5. This was the most humiliating defeat to that team this season, until we met them at the tournament overwhelming them 16-3, more than making up for the defeat they handed us in mid-season.

The season showed the good result of 17 games won and 2 lost, 8 of which were class "B" and the remaining class "C."

SCORE

E. L. H. S.	Opposition
23	Williamston 7
22	Laingsburg 12
15	Grand Ledge 3
16	Marshall 12
22	Fenton *10
22	Tecumseh 10
13	Mason *17
12	Grand Ledge *5
19	Laingsburg *7
20	Ionia *13
16	Howell *12
15	Fowlerville *12
17	Mason 5
	(* games away)
	(Tournament)
19	St. Fredericks 9
14	Holly 12
24	Lamberville 16
30	Grosse Pointe 24
8	Farmington 15
16	Mason 3



Centaur

The Team

Captain Leland Cribbs—'26—Leland shown brightly both on defense and offense. We expect even greater results, if possible, next year.

Robert Cook—'25—Cookie was highpoint man of the team and pulled many a game out of the fire by his stellar playing. He will leave us next year.

Herbert Crozier—'27—Herb is a dangerous man on offense with a good eye for the basket. He has two more years to play.

George Harrison—'26—George was one of the strongest guards at Ypsilanti. Not many men got past him.

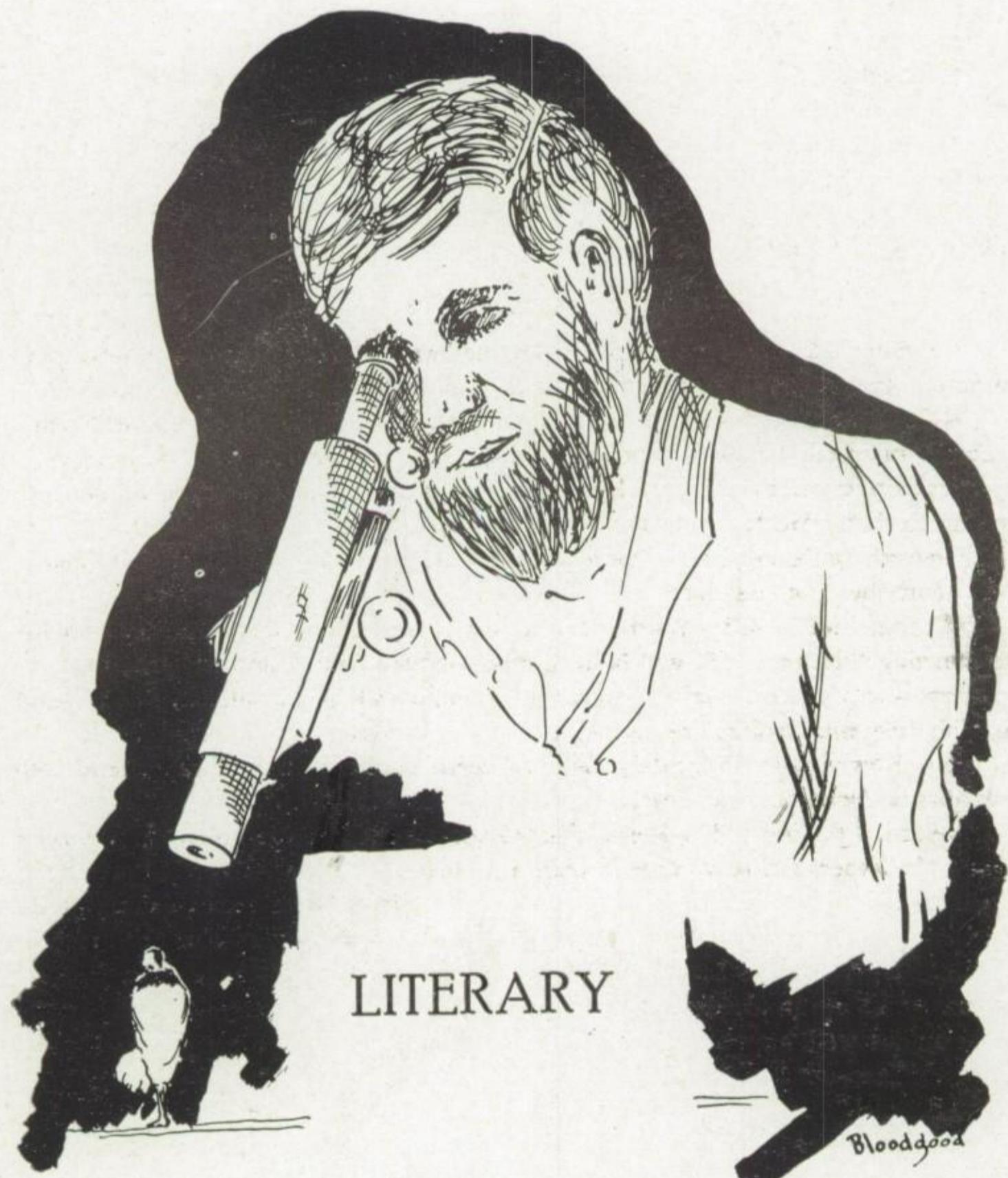
Warren Pierce—'25—Warren is a scrappy guard and deserves much credit for his showing this year. He will be ineligible for play next year.

Andrew McElroy—'26—"Andy" is a peppy and strong offensive player and is at his best when points are needed.

Leo Klever—'26—Klever showed his worth in the second Mason game. He will also be ineligible next year.

Reinhold Penner—'25—Reiny was the smallest man on the team, but oh what fight. We expect Reiny to come through in college.

By HARRISON AND CRIBBS



LITERARY

Centiad

“Sonny Elopés”

“Sonny-oh-Sonny!!” called that individual’s mother from the back porch. No answer.

“Douglas,” she called becoming more impatient. “Douglas MacPherson, come here this minute.”

A head came gradually out from under the porch upon which Mrs. Mac Pherson stood. A grimy face looked up. “Huh?” it said.

“Do you mean to say that you were under there all this time and let me yell my head off? Sonny, what have you got in your mouth?” as she noticed one cheek over-stuffed.

“Oh—tobacco,” said Sonny trying to look important.

“Sonny Mac Pherson!” gasped his mother, “Have you really got tobacco in your mouth? Take it out this minute.”

“Oh,” drawled Sonny as he tried to spit from the corner of his mouth but was not successful, “Don’t get excited Mom, it’s only grass. Ye see, I’m gettin’ practiced up so when I grow up I can spit like ‘Red Mulligan’ does.” Sonny proceeded to demonstrate to his mother how Red made his tobacco juice shoot out of the corners of his mouth.

Mrs. Mac Pherson sighed. “Sonny, she said, “I told you to have nothing to do with that Mulligan boy. Don’t let me catch you talking to him again. Hurry up now, the dinner’s getting cold.” Sonny showed no intention whatever of moving. “Sonny,” she said impatiently, “Come in this instant and don’t forget to wipe those muddy feet before you do.” Mrs. Mac Pherson slammed the kitchen door violently as she went into the house. When she had gone Sonny made no motion to get up but sat and scratched his head thoughtfully.

“Well Pal,” he said to the shaggy airedale seated beside him, “what in the dickens is the matter? I wonder if it’s the meat bill this time; or has baby sprouted a new tooth?” “You know, Pal,” he said reflectively, “I’ve been thinking pretty hard lately. I’m always makin’ Mom mad about something so I’ve decided that we’ll elope—what’d ya say?” Pal put his paw on Sonny’s knee as a sign of assent. “Ya see in the dictionary it says to elope is to run away—to escape clande—clan-des well, anyway, it’s clan-des something and it’s a big word so I guess it’ll do. The runaway part suits us doesn’t it?”

“Sonny!” came a voice from the kitchen.

“Guess we better be goin’ Pal; we’ll have our dinner first and then we’ll elope. I’m hungrier than a bear.” Jumping up, Sonny was in the kitchen in two bounds, Pal following.

At the dinner table Sonny found out that the meat bill hadn’t come yet and baby’s teeth were all in fine condition. Mother had a headache. She was always cross when her head ached. Everything went wrong at the table. First Sonny spilled the contents of the saltcellar in his soup. Then he shocked his mother by

Ceniad

eating peas with his knife. He said, "Wow zockity," and, "Jiminy Crickets," occasionally. After he had finished his dinner Sonny had fully resolved to elope, as he called it. He went to his room, carefully locked the door and proceeded to pack his few most treasured possessions in a large old handkerchief which was spread on his bed. First there were his two best agates, the greenish blue one and the speckled red one, (he might be able to trade them for food in a pinch). Then came his best top, a ball of string, a few fish hooks, his jack-knife, several other precious objects and finally the shining silver dollar that Uncle Jack had given him the last time he was there. Tying the bundle together by means of a string he carefully let it down outside the window. He was on the point of going out of the door when he happened to think of his new necktie and, turning back, he hastily bedecked himself in that gaudy creation. In the hall downstairs he encountered his mother. "Sonny what are you doing with a tie on to-day?"

"Oh—nuthin'," said Sonny uneasily shifting from one foot to the other. "I thought I'd just go over to Bean's house an'—"

"Whose house?" interrupted Mrs. Mac Pherson, noticeably shocked.

"Well, Allen's house then. As I was sayin'; I thought I'd go over to Be—er—ah, Allen's house."

"Oh, all right, but don't stay long," said his mother.

There was a shrill whistle from outside. Sonny raced to the door, Pal close at his heels. It was Beans. "Hi, Beans," greeted Sonny, "I haven't got much time you know," he whispered confidentially. "Pal and I are gonna' elope." He proceeded to explain to Beans what elope meant. Beans stood wide-eyed, admiring. He didn't know what the "clan-des" word was either but it must be something great if Sonny had anything to do with it. "Well shake on it Beans, I've gotta be goin!" said Sonny importantly. "I'm on my own hook now you know." Sonny turned and walked into the house leaving Beans to stare vacantly after him.

"I think I'd better take some grub along," said Sonny to himself reflectively and he went to the kitchen to see what Ellen had left lying loose. As he opened the kitchen door several delightful odors made his nostrils quiver excitedly. "Gee Whocity," he exclaimed. Several pies and cakes were cooling on the table before the window. Then there was also a number of plates of doughnuts and cookies lying in state. But, there was Ellen leisurely peeling potatoes. Sonny slipped over to Ellen and began to beg of her to give him just a few cookies. But Ellen had evidently gotten up on the wrong side of the bed because she was deaf to all of Sonny's pleas. Sonny backed up against the cupboard; down went the potato pan! Ellen went down on all fours and while she was endeavoring to locate the whereabouts of a potato which had rolled under the table, Sonny quickly took several doughnuts and cookies and hastily shoved them in his blouse. A few minutes later when all the potatoes were collected, Sonny decided it was time to retreat. Then he felt a sharp tug at his blouse. "Pal" had gotten a "whiff" of the goodies. Sonny tried to push the dog away but Pal was determined. Finally when the barking and clawing became more insistent, Sonny turned and bolted for the door. Down

Centiad

the hall he sped, knocking over a table and setting pussy-cat spinning through the front door, down the front steps, and into the arms of a bulky form. Too astonished to speak, Sonny looked up into the face of his Uncle Jack. "Oh! Uncle Jack," he exclaimed hopping up and down on one foot, "when did you come?" and Sonny proceeded to hug him tightly.

About an hour later Sonny was leading Uncle Jack to a rudely constructed shack effect which he called his "fort" when they came upon Beans seated under a tree industriously whittling a stick. "Hi, Beans," greeted Sonny.

Beans looked up as if not believing his ears. "Huh?" he ejaculated, "well what do you know 'bout that?" he drawled scratching his head thoughtfully. "Why I thought you were gonna' elope!" putting great stress on the elope.

"Elope?" grunted Sonny with a puzzled frown on his face, "who said anything 'bout eloping?"

EFFIE ERICSON

The Apple

There were a nice big apple
A-growing on a tree;
There were a little bady boy
A boy like you and me.

The boy he saw that apple
So he climbed into the tree;
He hooked the nice big apple
And then he said, "Oh Gee!"

Though the bad boy didn't know it
That apple told a lie;
And if he ate too much of it
He might to Heaven fly.

He ate the skin and core and seeds
And finished it with vim;
And then that nice big apple
Just up and finished him.

A House

I turned a bend in a lonely country road and saw a short distance ahead a house which I had known years before. Evidently it was the place which, I had heard, had recently been bought by a wealthy manufacturer for his country home. Already I could hear the hammering of the workmen and see others bustling about. How I hoped it might not lose its old charm! I looked away and saw it as it had been years ago, when it had been the home of a delightful family, of the truest kind of culture, and the center of the social life of the neighborhood. Set in the midst of a wide lawn I saw a large house that might have seemed plain and bare had it not been for the splendid old trees about it, sheltering it and giving it beauty. Whoever stopped there was sure of hospitality. I thought of the parties that had been given there, of dancing on the lawn, and of the winter meetings of the debating club. I remembered the sleigh rides which had set out from there and heard the merry laughter and the ringing bells. Incidents connected with all these floated through my mind and then I remembered one party in particular.

I saw the wide lawn lighted with lanterns and felt the mild evening air of June. I heard the music of a single fiddle, wafted toward me on the breeze, and saw the couples begin to dance. Spirited girls were accompanied by swains of varying degrees of awkwardness. Belles gave and refused favors, their actions being mostly determined by whim or fancy. And, as the excitement increased, husbands and wives nearing middle age entered the merry whirl. Then the fiddle stopped abruptly and the talking and laughing began. Again the music started, stopped, and began again, continuing till the company began to disperse and young men to ask girls if they might "see them home," trembling the while in dreadful fear of "the mitten." Many of these same boys had delivered flowery speeches at the meetings of the debating club.

I looked back toward the house and heard again the beating of the hammers. I wondered if all the wealth of the present owner could give the place anything equal to the simple charm it once had—but perhaps a part, at least, of that charm lay in the mist through which I saw the past.



Ceniad

Calendar

Sept. 8—School opens.

Sept. 10—First assembly, introduction of teachers. Wow!

Sept. 14—Everyone starts out with a poor beginning in the hope of having a good ending.

Sept. 17—Assembly—Dr. Giltner gives us a talk. All boys decide to be "Vets."

Sept. 20—Mattie Rouse comes to school on time. I guess she thought we were going to have another assembly.

Sept. 26—E.L.H.S. wins first game; E. L.—0, Grand Ledge—0.

Sept. 28—Splendid assembly, Dr. Kingdon of the Central M.E., speaker.

Oct. 3—John Raber establishes his fame by making the first touchdown of the season. I guess we gave those Howell boys a scare.

Oct. 17—E.L.H.S. vs. Charlotte. Too heavy for us.

Oct. 21—E.L.H.S. vs. Ithaca. Some fight we gave them. Don't dare give the scores.

Oct. 20—Ceniad staff swings big party. They lost all the money they made selling hot dogs at home games. Harrison and Lucas feature dances. (As per usual.)

Oct. 24—E.L.H.S. vs. Perry. Light, fast teams for once.

Oct. 27—Change in schedule; those who talk stay until 6:00 o'clock instead of 4:15 p.m., Eastern Standard Time.

Nov. 7—Nolan scores for E.L. in Mason game. Lucky for them the game stopped when it did.

Nov. 14—E.L. vs. Ovid, another tie. Look this one up Al.

Nov. 27-28—Everybody happy? Foolish question, Thanksgiving recess.

Nov. 28—A.B.T'S., named by Reiny as the African Biscuit Trust, gives a party in the gym.

Nov. 30—Cookie came to school as a first grader and wasn't he cute? Don't you think so Ruthie?

Dec. 12—Debating team wins third debate, some talkers we've got.

Dec. 13—"Ceniad" Carnaval, of course it had to be on the thirteenth. Made money though.

Dec. 19—Everyone down-hearted when they carried their books home for Christmas vacation. Don't cry Eddie dear.

Jan. 5—School resumes. We take great pleasure in introducing Mrs. Wyatt.

Jan. 15—Boy! We have some basketball team an' I don't mean if.

Jan. 17—More fun—Soph carnival. But not as good as ours.

Jan. 26-30—Those terrible January days—EXAMS.

Feb. 2—Report cards—they speak for themselves.

Feb. 10—Mr. Van Zandt exceedingly happy today. He could read Eddie's writing.

Ceniad

Feb. 11—Foster leaves us, says he got his diploma as a brick layer. Did he Al?

Feb. 20—Fat Allen does a good job wrecking his Dad's car, Schepers goes to the Sparrow hospital, W. Pierce operates on him.

Feb. 21—J-Hop. "Best ever," says the Juniors—"Rotten," say the Seniors.

Feb. 28—Sachs, where did you get that passionate red tie? Oh Bret Basset's sample sale. Hot? Oh my!

March 1—Comes in like an elephant.

March 6—Mr. Nickels gives a fine demonstration of his whistling.

March 15—Mr. Nason excused us and forgot to read off the list of rather talkative people. Oh Mabel!

March 17—Green evidence in the case. Ten minutes decision handed down by Judge Van Zandt.

March 21—Spring, Spring—beautiful spring. Bring me my overcoat.

March 25, 26, 27, 28—Boys at Ypsi. Take third place and a cup.

March 27—Spring vacation means house cleaning or digging ditches for most of us.

March 31—The "Ceniad" Staff goes to Berrien Springs.

April 6—School again. Harry says only one thing keeps him from joining White-man's Orchestra. What is it? Oh, Paul Whiteman.

April 12—Capital punishment for smoking goes into effect.

April 18—Al Sachs is made a trustee, assisted by Florence as hall guard.

April 20—Railroad Jack appears in several classes, Miss Hayes is quite taken with him. One thing Jack didn't remember and that was where he left his hat.

April 22—No assembly, we study (?). Chet stars as leader of the 4th hour 12th grade English syncopating orchestra, Doo-tada-doo!

April 23—New shift of student teachers.

May 1—"Ceniad" goes to press.

May 6—Senior Prom.
(Girls had a Prom last February but it didn't amount to much, no boys allowed.)

May 17—Unburnt beans served in hot (?) lunch today, with a promise to wash trays for next Monday.

May 24—Cookie learned something new. "Spring was here last March 21."

June 1—Oh Baby! Only 18 days of school.

June 6—Best "Ceniad" ever, comes out.

June 15-18—EXAMS. Seniors who worked hard for the last 12, 13, or 14 years and have "B" average get out of them."

June 13-19—Activities

1. Senior Folly Day.
2. Senior Breakfast.
3. Senior Play.
4. Junior-Senior Banquet.
5. Baccalaureate Sermon.
6. Commencement.

Our eyes have met
Our lips not yet
But so, you kid
I'll get you yet.
Elizabeth Morel

write see that me
up will I love D
and you love you
down and you and
Dad

Dathy Hughes

Autographs

Gwendolyn Maloney
Bethune with her son.

Audrey May Sonnenberg

Beth-Ha'as ^{to} m. Witten
m. Murray.

Chapin Olin
"Chap"

Sara Alice
"Scally²⁸ from
the Hill"

Marion E. Lett '27
"Major Macie" Myron
"Galo"

Oct 27
"Myrna" uttered
"Goldy" 29
Caro

You invite me
and I'll think of you
and then we back to do
and then have something
well, Madeline Sutterby (Sadie) 129.
Elizabeth Green

1927.

Elizabeth Grey '27

Robert Spindler.

Anna Commons
from =
monks

Alameda Bay mound, 29
"ours will be
land walks." 8
"Ana Comm
"thn" 28
Jennie

Now here had John
"You're till the
end walks"

Elizabeth R. Smith '21

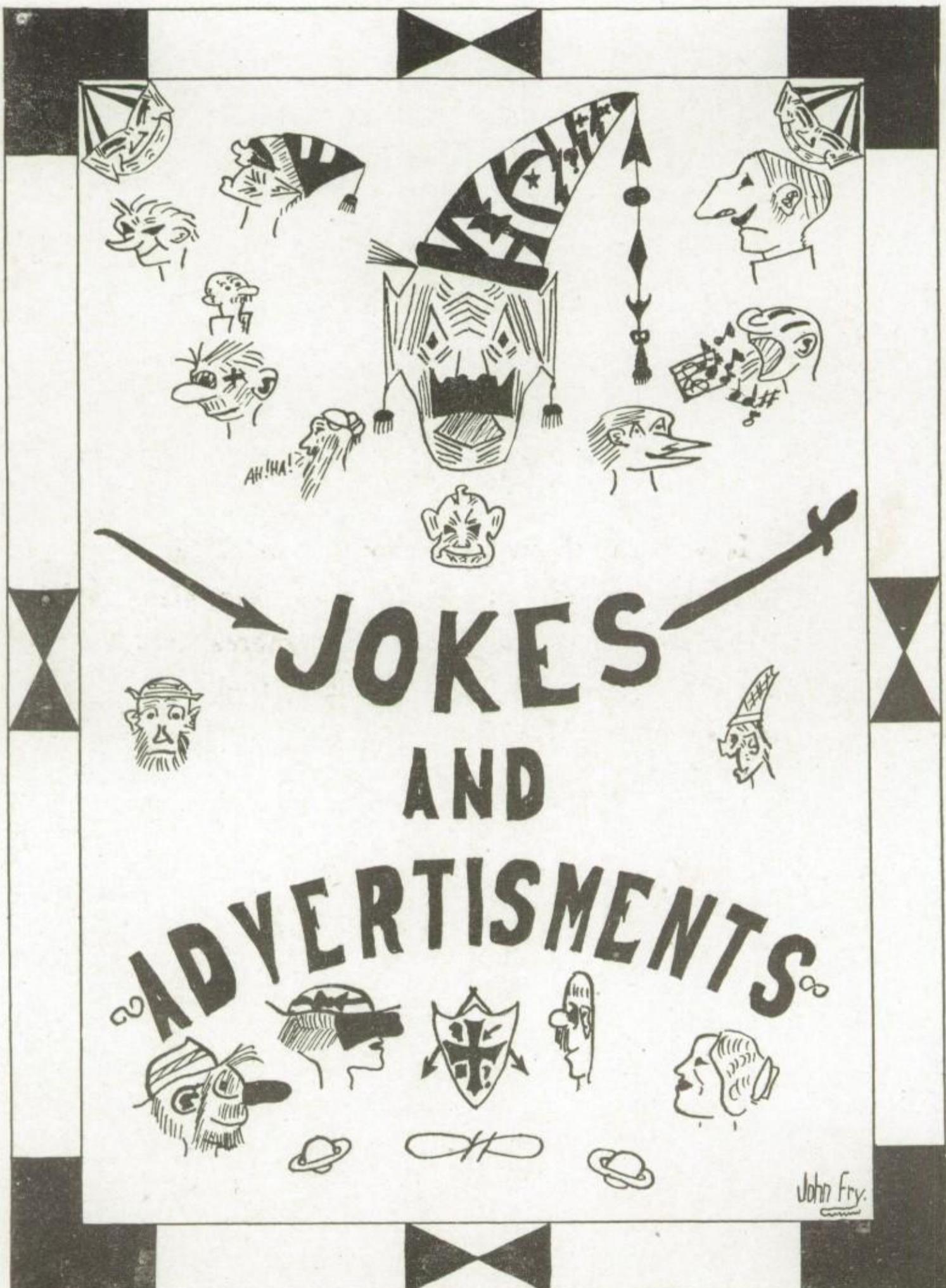
Less child's is
"your till teacher's
memory blunker."

29 Donald "Bob" Hope
Mr. B. Hutchinson
"open" half limback M.S.C.
I think I V. I don't
I think Sweet I
Genuine Sweet I
Don't worry Ruthbone 12

over of N. S. G. S. & Co.
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R. D. 1000' west of
Rutherford

Walle Dohr
"Grey"

Less chalk is
your till teacher's
unwear'd blunke."



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Mr. Nason (in Physiology class): "Now why is it that when I stand on my head that blood all rushes there and when I stand on my feet it doesn't rush to them?"

Donald Voss: "I guess it's because your feet ain't empty."

* * *

A Senior was walking down the track
A train came running past
The train got off the railroad track
And let the Senior past.

* * *

In English:

"Did Washington and Jefferson both come from the same state?"

Al Sacks: "Yes, they were both from Vermont."

* * *

Fritz W.: "Do you want to marry a one eyed man?"

Mira K.: "No; why?"

Fritz W.: "Then let me carry your umbrella."

* * *

Norma Gallup (reading sign over ticket office): "O, Freddie it says entire balcony 35 cents let's get it, so we'll be all alone."

Betty Carr: "Last week he sent me a box of candy with a card reading, 'sweets to the sweet.'"

Henrietta: "That was a pretty sentiment."

Betty Carr: "Yes, but this week he sent me an ivory hair brush."

* * *

R. Penner (in locker room): "Whew—say boy, your feet sure are like a camel's."

M. Hauer: "Like a camel, why?"

R. Penner: "Cuz they go so long without water."

* * *

Old graduate: "Well, how's married life old chap?"

Fred Van Zandt: "Pretty good. Only it has changed."

Old Grad.: "How do you mean?"

F. V. Z.: "Well, before the wedding, I talked and she listened. After, she talked and I listened and now we both talk and the neighbors listen."

* * *

Mattie: "Oh, Kenneth, what are all those holes in that sign-board?"

Ken: "Them are knot holes."

Mattie: "Why, they are too, holes."

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Miss Murray: "During the years 1950 to 1954 there was a potato famine in Ireland. The Irish came to America. What did they do here?"

W. Grey: "Settled on farms in the midwest?"

Gerald: "Naw they didn't; they joined the police force."

* * *

"I'll give you a kiss that's just like your favorite candy—what is it?"

"An all day sucker."

* * *

Miss Murray: "Dean, what killed Alexander of Russia?"

Dean Crist: "A Bomb."

Miss M.: "Please be more explicit."

D. C.: "Well, you see it exploded."

* * *

In Civics class:

"Jeanne U'Ren, first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of her fellow sufferers."

* * *

Mr. Nason: "The next thing you are going to study is 'work.'"

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R. B. Cook: "Well, suppose you had a string on a motorcycle and were whirling it around."

* * *

Harry Lucas: "Oh, Mr. Wyatt, I don't like to sit up there in front, can I sit back here?"

Mr. Wyatt: "Why, yes if you won't talk in your sleep."

* * *

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up all the teachers time.

* * *

Mr. Wyatt—What did your wife say about your being out so late the other night.

Old Pal—Don't ask me yet, wait till she gets through the subject and I'll condense it for you.

* * *

Stage Manager—All set, run up the curtain!

Max Strother (just new on the job)
"Say what do you think I am, a monkey?"

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V. Fiske (in English)—Well, you always think of romance as being at night.

Tillie and Al Sacks happened to be at the same dinner dance. After Al had danced several dances with her, he asked permission to take her in to dinner. He noticed the waiter staring at her open mouthed and said,

"I say, waiter, why do you stare at the young lady so rudely?"

Waiter—"It ain't rudeness, sir, it's genuine admiration. This makes the fifth time the young lady has been in to dinner this evening, sir."

Mr. Lane—"See here, you old rascal why didn't you tell me this old horse was lame before I bought him?"

"Wal, the feller what sold him to me didn't say nothin' about it so I calculated it was a secret."

Strange Lady—"Sir! do you realize who you are talking to? I am the daughter of an English Peer!"

Chapin Olin—"Not so fast. I am son of an American Doc."

Assistant—Madame, do you really intend to buy anything?

Mrs. Fisher—Why certainly, what do you mean?

Assistant—I thought perhaps you were taking an inventory.

Jack (minding the baby)—Say! didn't you get no instruction booklet with this?

Olie—Do you love me like you used to?

Ruth U'Ren—I think I can do better than that now.

Nolan—Is this the woman's exchange?

Old Maid—Yes.

Nolan—Are you the woman?

Old Maid—Yes.

Nolan—Well I guess I'll keep Ruth.

Janet G. "He wore my photograph over his heart and it stopped a bullet."

Mary J. "I don't wonder at it. It would stop a clock."

Irma W. "O look, Capt. Penner is just going to kick the goal."

Ione L. "What did the goal do?"

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On Sophomore exam paper:

Charles Dickens wrote: Rock of Ages, Pickles, The Oblique House, Robinson Crusoe and Twelfth Night.

Mrs. Van Zandt: "Would you like some nice hot waffles this morning, dear?"

Freddie: "No thanks, they look too much like——fried cross word puzzles."

Miss Walker: "I've told you again and again not to speak when older people are talking, but to wait until they are finished."

Andrew Mc.: "I've tried that already, only they never do stop."

The wife and daughter of Col. Berry, the camp commander, came to the gate soon after taps and demanded admission. The sentry objected.

"But, my dear man, you don't understand," expostulated the older woman, "We are the Berry's."

"I don't care if you are the cat's whiskers," retorted the sentry. "You can't get in here at this hour."

Eddie Reuling had just returned home after his first day at school. Well Eddie said his mother, "How did you like your teacher?"

"Oh that lady," he replied, "She does not know anything, she's been asking me questions all day."

* * *

Mr. Nason: "I would like a nice, tender chicken."

Butcher: "A nice tender chicken? Do you want a pullet?"

Mr. Nason: "Ah—no I want to carry it."

If a plaid-clad caddy laddied daddy had a fad for adding, would the plaid-slac laddie daddy be an adder? And if the plaid-clad caddy laddies add'ed daddy in his adding, would the p'aid-slac laddies daddy make the plaid-clad laddie sadder?

Mr. Wyatt (showing a \$2 bill and explaining what various letters and numbers meant.) "Now what did I say this 2B meant?"

M. Hedrick: "Two Bucks."



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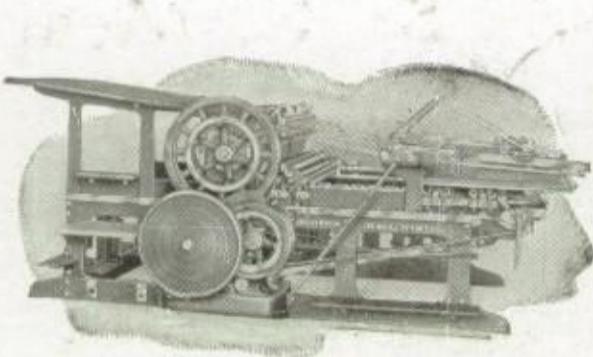
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The color blooms on woman's cheek
For only fifteen cents a week,
But for a man, as price now goes,
It costs a lot to paint his nose.

Miss Corcoran (in English): "Who represents 100 per cent American?"

Jean U'Ren: "Andy Gump."

Awed cow boy: "How come you're able to stick on that broncho that-a-way mister?"

Gaylon Ford: "Oh, I've been driving a Ford over bad pavements for years."

Mr. Lane (in sociology): "Don't be backward about coming forward."

Ruth: "How'd you like to meet the Prince of Wales?"

Alice: "In an arms conference."

Wheeler G.: "How much is them chocolate drops?"

Clerk: "6 for 5."

W. G.: "Lessee, six for 5, 5 for 4, 4 for 3, and 3 for 2, 2 for 1, 1 for nuthin, I guess I'll take one for nuthin."

Mr. Lane (to Jean): "Ruth are you Jean?"

Stranger: "Shay, didn't we——hic!
——didn't we meet once out in Wyoming."

Mr. Nason: (disgustedly) "Naw, I've never been in Wyoming."

Stranger: "Shaul right, I ain't never been there either mush——hic!
Mush a been a coupla other fellows."

R. Penner: "Say Fat, the reason you can make a worse face than me is because you have a head start."

Fat Grabo: "Ya, tha's all right, only I can't."

Miss Corcoran (in English): "Did you ever hear of grim fate?"

Jeanne U'Ren (waking up): "Uh-uh-what did he do?"

Al. Sacks (in Miss Walkers room): "May I move this world."

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Byron Baker: "What's the matter,
stranger? Bust yer auto?"

Disgusted Ford owner: "Nope run over
a chicken 'n punctured a tire on the pin
feathers."

Ken Schepers: "Say Byron, what time
is it?"

Byron: "I don't know, my watch is
five minutes slow."

Gerald with his knife aslant
Makes gashes in the rubber plant.
The foolish child believes, no doubt,
That gum drops will come falling out.

Customer: "I would like some tooth
paste."

Fat Allen (working off a bill in the
drug store): "How much?"

Customer: "Enough for two teeth."

Mr. Nason: "What is the difference
between the north pole and the south
pole?"

Tillie Miller: "Why, all the difference
in the world."

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R. B.—“Mr. Van Zandt says we
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